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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
After the original Chandos portrait.

English Classics — Star Series

- MACBETH

BY
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EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

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PREFACE

THIS edition of *Macbeth* has been made for use in the high or the preparatory school, though it contains — so far as I am aware — nothing disrespectful to the intelligence of the ordinary college student. The play has been so well edited by others, that one new in the field finds the harvest already reaped and but little left to the gleaner. Indeed, I lay claim to only a few broken ears.

On the other hand, the book aims to present old matter in a new manner. If we are to have *Macbeth* in the schools, why not edit it with some regard to pedagogic principles? Why, for example, should an introduction open with the conventional discussion of the date of composition? For determining this date there is really nothing that goes far, except certain allusions in the play itself. And surely no student is able to understand them while *Macbeth* is to him merely a name. Again, why should remarks on the versification come after the text of the play? If any remarks are advisable, they should be of aid to the student from the beginning. I have, therefore, placed the section on blank-verse in the introduction, and that on the date of the first performance near the end of the volume. So throughout, I think, the topics are in logical order.

The editor of Shakespeare is in danger of doing too much. The work of the dramatist is of infinitely more importance than anything that can be said about it. For this reason I have kept the text free from the entanglements of footnotes recording the various emendations of critics. In making the text, I have followed in the main the Globe

edition, into which are incorporated, for the most part, the best readings. And yet, wherever it seemed to me that the *Globe* could be improved, I have ventured, within narrow limits, to make changes, occasionally in a word or in the arrangement of the lines, and especially in the punctuation. After the student has finished the introduction, which may help him in a small way to make real to his imagination the Elizabethan age, its superstitions, its playhouses, and the central figure in its literature, he should read carefully the part of the tragedy assigned to him, paying no attention whatever to the editor. To the notes he may afterward turn for help on obsolete words and allusions. And by the questions following the notes to each scene he may test for himself the thoroughness of his reading. These questions, or similar ones, should also, in my opinion, be made the basis of written exercises. Notes can never do what we might wish. In writing them, I have invariably shunned parallel passages and usually etymology, on the ground that digressions of this kind take the young student too far from the text in hand. I have rather sought to convey Shakespeare's meaning by paraphrasing difficult passages and by suggesting synonyms for obsolete and uncommon words and expressions; well knowing, however, that these substitutions have little of the suggestiveness of the author's own diction. They will have served their purpose if they indicate the purport of a sentence now become obscure. In selecting topics for discussion after the notes and questions, I have been influenced by the prevailing tendency to studies in structure and style which is so apparent in recent manuals and in the examination papers set for the student entering college.

Certain other discussions which have become a part of many recent editions of *Macbeth* are disregarded. This plan has been followed on purpose. It is generally agreed, for example, that some passages of the play were not

written by Shakespeare. But just what these passages are the critics¹ have not yet determined. For myself, I have no doubt that the speeches of Hecate and a few lines connected with them (III. v.; IV. i. 39–43 and 125–132) are by another hand, probably Middleton's. But textual criticism, it has seemed to me, should have little space in a book of this kind. Accordingly, only in the most troublesome passages has attention been called to proposed emendations. For them the instructor may go to Furness's *New Variorum Edition*.

After some consideration, the publishers have decided to insert a map of Scotland, on which are marked the places mentioned in the play. It is very nearly historical; but it could not be made quite so, for the reason that the Scotland of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is not precisely the Scotland of the eleventh century. Surely the study of literature is not the study of geography. The two studies, however, touch at points. The student is more interested in a story than he otherwise would be, if he can fix in his imagination its setting not only in time, but also in place. And the nearer the teacher can bring him, by whatever aid, to a complete realization of a piece of literature, the more abiding is the possession.

The young student who is accustomed to regard every letter in his own name as eternally fixed for him by his parents, may be disturbed by the apparent liberties that the critics quoted in this book have taken with the word "Shakespeare." The surname has been found capable of four thousand variations.² As applied to the dramatist's father, it was spelled by the officials of Stratford, who were not over-nice in their orthography, in sixteen different ways; and the dramatist himself, in his signature to legal documents, vacillated between "Shakspere," "Shakspeare,"

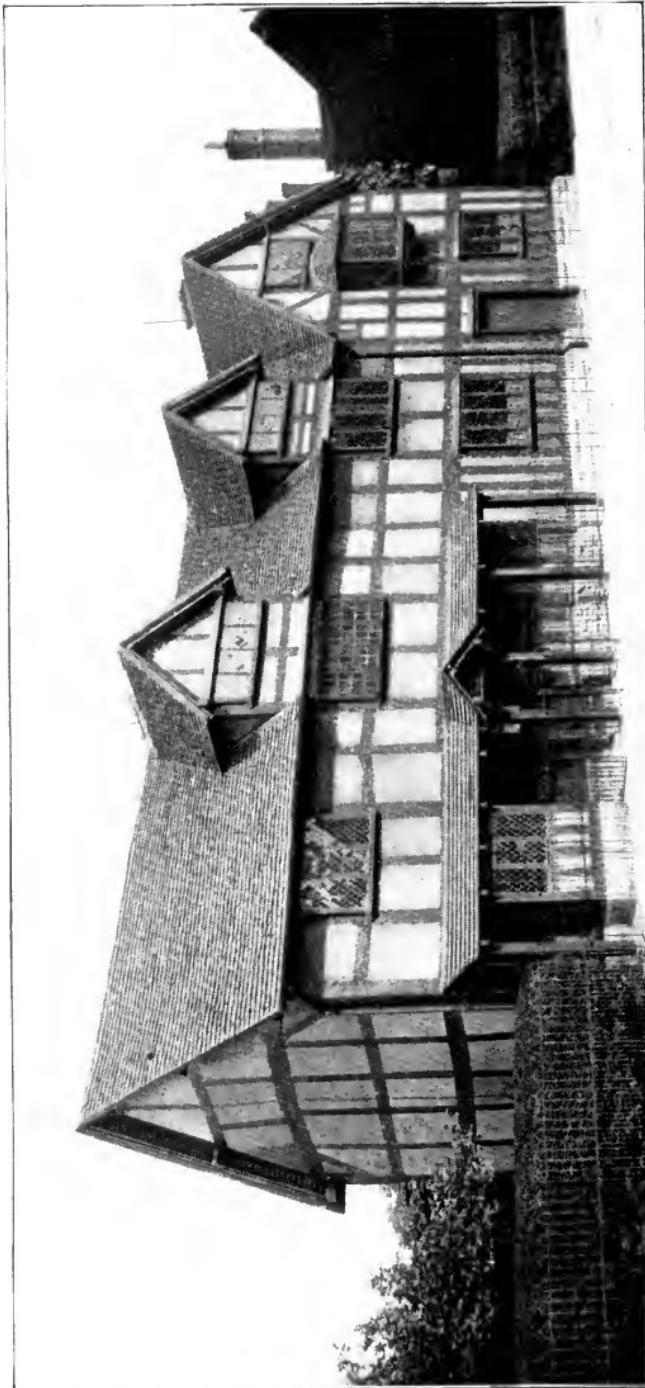
¹ See "Shakespeare Manual," F. G. Fleay, Part II, Ch. X.

² "A Life of William Shakespeare," Sidney Lee, Ch. XVIII.

and “Shakespeare.” The latter, however, is the form adopted by the poet in his dedications to *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*,—the only works that were surely published with his sanction. The best authorized literary spelling is consequently *Shakespeare*.

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Shakespeare's house, Stratford-on-Avon.

INTRODUCTION

I. SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND WORK

BECAUSE so little is known about Shakespeare, people often think that he was not much esteemed by his contemporaries; they even maintain that he could not have written the great plays ascribed to him. Lord Bacon, they say, was the author. It should be remembered that the curiosity to know all about literary men dates only from the time of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Boswell's life of him (1791). Certainly before Addison, a man of letters, however distinguished he might be, was not likely to interest the public, unless he were connected with Church or State. Our first biographer is really Izaak Walton, who came a generation later than Shakespeare. We may lament that he did not give us a life of the great dramatist; but naturally enough he was more attracted to men like Dr. John Donne and Sir Henry Wotton. In the absence, then, of any contemporary life of Shakespeare, our only recourse is to a few old records, and to the anecdotes which came down to the wits of the Restoration (1660), and were passed along by them to the critics of the eighteenth century.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564. He was baptized, as any one may still see in the parish register of Stratford, on the 26th; and it is a tradition that he was born three days before. His exact birthplace is thought to have been a house in Henley Street. Some fifty years ago the house was restored and converted into a public museum. A sketch of it, as it now appears, is shown on the opposite page. The poet's father, John

Shakespeare, evidently started out in life with the sole aim of amassing a fortune and winning the honors that wealth brings. He engaged in trade and in many other ventures, and rose rapidly, becoming chief alderman and high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford. But in course of time he was involved in debts and lost all his positions of trust. About the dramatist's mother, Mary Arden, whom John Shakespeare married in 1557, the records are scant. She was, however, of a good family, and she inherited considerable property,—a house and forty-odd acres of land, besides an interest in two other dwellings and their appurtenances. These estates soon dwindled away, probably because of John Shakespeare's bad management in trade. There were born to John and Mary Shakespeare eight children, of whom only five reached maturity,—William, Gilbert, Richard, Edmund, and Joan.

William, with his brothers, was undoubtedly educated at the Stratford Grammar School. Just what he studied there is uncertain; but judging from what was taught in other schools of the same type, it is safe to say that he read in several Latin authors,—Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Seneca, and Vergil. He may, too, have learned a little Greek. Somewhere and somehow he also acquired, then or at a later period, a very good knowledge of French and a smattering of Italian. In his early plays he was fond of displaying the schoolboy's knowledge of Latin; for *Henry the Fifth*, he wrote a brilliant scene throughout in French, an exercise that would perplex many a college student; and the plots of some of his plays (for example, a part of *The Merchant of Venice*) seem to have been taken directly from the Italian. Shakespeare was not learned, but his education in the schools was respectable. Beyond this, he was a boy who kept his eyes open to all about him,—to men, sport, and nature. Of this his plays are the proof. How clearly he saw through Shallow and Dogberry—the justice and the con-

stable of Stratford! And the same penetration he carried with him to the more varied life of London, and then on into history and romance. His language is rich in similes and metaphors taken from coursing, angling, and falconry, from the habits of horses, dogs, and birds; and than his there are in our literature no lovelier descriptions of quiet scenery. Nature spoke to him as she rarely speaks to her children.

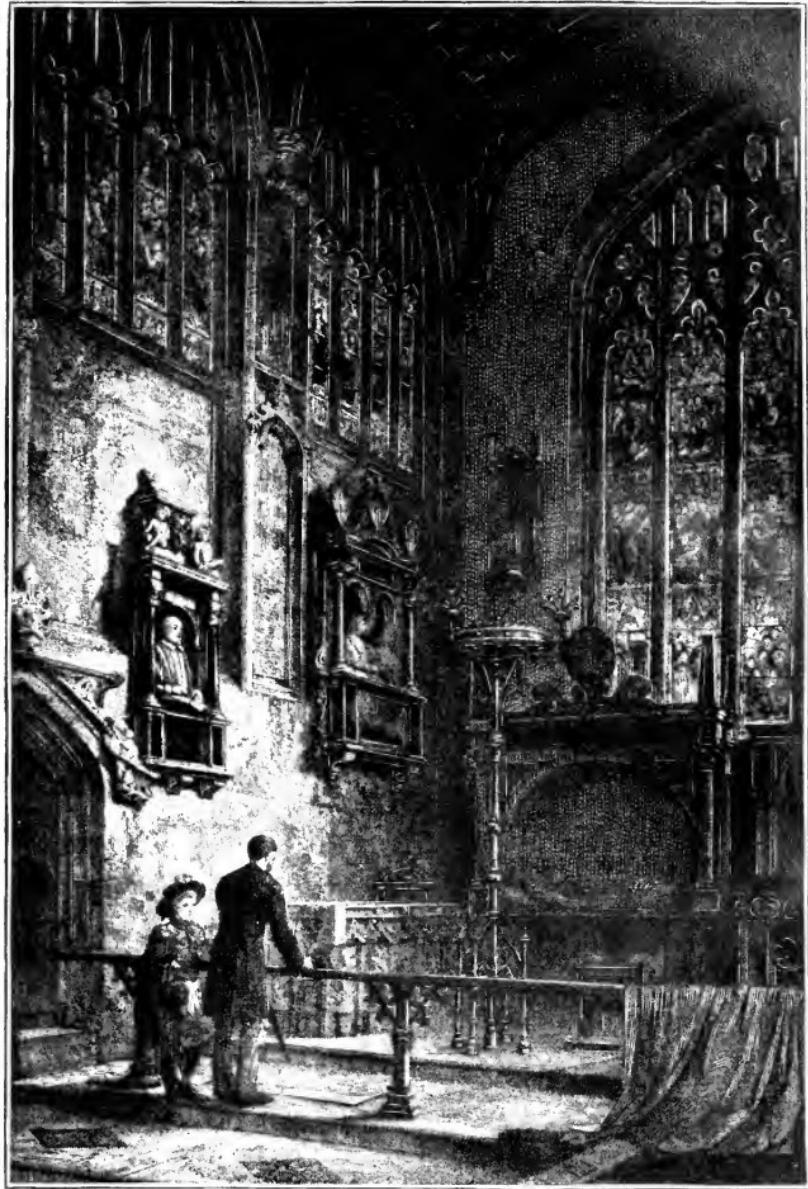
When in his nineteenth year, he did a very thoughtless thing: he married a woman who was eight years older than himself, and likely without the knowledge of his parents. Her name was, with little doubt, Anne Hathaway. She lived in a thatched cottage at Shottery, a hamlet distant from Stratford about a mile as you go through the fields. Though considerably altered, the dwelling still stands as a type of the Elizabethan farmhouse occupied by the humbler folk. It has long been a place of pilgrimage for tourists, to whom is shown the old chimney-seat where, it is said, William and Anne were wont to sit and gossip. Whether it be true or not, there is no harm in imagining such a scene.

Becoming by 1585 the father of three children, the young Shakespeare probably saw the seriousness of his marriage. Soon after this, perhaps in 1586, he went to London. At any rate, there is an allusion to him, in 1592, as actor and playwright. The London theaters were then outside the city, and people rode to them on horseback. According to a tradition, which is likely true, Shakespeare's first occupation was to hold the horses of these visitors. He would next gain entrance to the theater, as prompter or actor in some subordinate rôle, and then he would push his way upward till he became an actor of repute, author, and manager.

Shakespeare's career, which thus began sometime before 1592, extended to about 1611; and, except for occasional

visits to Stratford, he seems to have remained in London during all this time. As shareholder in the Globe Theater, as actor and playwright, he gained what was then held to be a fortune; he bought property in London and Stratford, placed his father in good circumstances, and purchased the largest house in his native place, to which, by 1611 or 1612, he apparently returned for good. He died at Stratford on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the Church of the Holy Trinity, an interior view of which fronts this page. His contemporaries spoke of him not only as an excellent actor and the greatest of English dramatists, but also as upright in all his dealings and “of an open and free nature.”

His industry was prodigious. He composed “sugred” sonnets, and two poems of exquisite beauty, — *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*; and he either wrote throughout, or remodeled, or refurbished, thirty-seven plays, — thirty-eight, if we count *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which he apparently touched up in places. Criticism has employed itself in trying to discover just when each of these plays was written, so as to form some notion of the stages whereby Shakespeare’s genius unfolded. The details of these investigations need not concern us here. We may say, however, in passing, that, beginning with gayety and ridicule, Shakespeare soon reached the dark and sinister in human life; and then, near the close of his career, he returned for a brief period to the lighter themes of his young manhood. We shall, I think, get the best view of his work by treating it according to subject. This was the method of his first editors. They divided the plays into comedies, histories, and tragedies. A comedy, as Shakespeare regarded it, is a play in which, after many perplexities, all comes out well at the end, with the marriage of the hero and the heroine. A history is founded on striking historical events. A tragedy ends in blood. The comedies, a-sparkle with wit, humor, and fantastic phrases, frank and generous in tone,



Shakespeare's tomb in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

"Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And evrst be he yt moves my bones."

are the most delightful pieces Shakespeare wrote, and everybody should read them all. Some of the best are *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. Eight of the histories deal with well-nigh continuous reigns of the English kings, beginning with Richard the Second and coming down through the Fourth, the Fifth, and the Sixth Henry to Richard the Third. Besides this group, there are *King John* and *Henry the Eighth*, in which Shakespeare, as it were, takes a look backward and a look forward. After all these histories, except the last, Shakespeare wrote three great Roman pieces,—*Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. While the histories are frequently tragic in their conclusions, Shakespeare sought to relieve most of them by comic scenes, with the result that the history is sometimes overshadowed by the comedy. This is particularly true of the two plays on Henry the Fourth, in which appears Jack Falstaff, Shakespeare's supreme achievement in humor. But the Shakespeare who awakens our pity and dread for the weaknesses of our common nature, is most completely revealed in four of his tragedies,—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*. They were written between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-two, when his genius was in full maturity. No other man has ever probed our life, and the motives that sway us to action, quite so deeply as Shakespeare in these plays. And when we consider together all that he left behind him, we are most impressed by the ease with which he turned from theme to theme. Others have written tragedies or comedies which the world will never let die. But Shakespeare excels in both kinds. He is, perhaps we speak vaguely, at once Sophocles and Aristophanes, or Racine and Molière. Certainly no one else has ever taken up in his work so much of life.

II. THE DRAMA AND THE THEATER

All these plays were produced for the London theaters. Many of them no doubt were turned off hurriedly, much as the editor of to-day writes sheet after sheet, without thought of their literary value. To the theater people went to get the news, to hear comments on current events, and to be amused, just as we now pick up the newspaper for similar purposes.

For a long time the drama had been a national passion. Indeed, plays in England date from the Norman Conquest. They were at that remote period **LITURGICAL**; that is, they were a part of the liturgy, or service, of the Church. Everybody knows how dramatic the ritual of the Church of Rome is still. Back in the twelfth century it was made particularly so at Christmas and at Easter. Then the clergy represented as actually taking place before the congregation the incidents connected with the birth of Christ and His resurrection as they are related in the New Testament. During the next two centuries these little dramas were detached from the liturgy, passing from the church to the church-yard, and then to the street and the public square, where they were performed upon movable stages, called pageants. Under these new conditions, monks and clerks could no longer be the actors, and their places were taken by the members of the guilds and by strolling players. The subject-matter was also much enlarged. Long series of plays, appropriately called **MYSTERIES OR MIRACLES**, were written, covering the most salient incidents in Scripture, from the creation to the day of doom. These old plays, though now rather dull reading, contain, nevertheless, a good deal that is tragic. And when you read an entire group of them you are impressed by their wide scope, by a magnitude well-nigh epic. They were, too, sometimes comic, as in the

conversations between Noah and his wife. And besides this, the common people seem to have been much amused by the devil, who appeared on the stage in person; though he is to us a rather sorry and coarse figure.

From this kind of drama, popular attention was largely drawn to the MORALITY and the INTERLUDE, which had a wide vogue in the sixteenth century. In these new plays the characters were groups of virtues and vices striving to win Mankind to good and to evil. At first, the interest was divided between the moral and the comic element in this combat; but, in course of time, the comic came to predominate. Indeed, the typical vice, with his dagger of lath and ludicrous dress and manners, is the harbinger of the Shakespearean fool.

This native course of the drama, which was moving on through tragedy and comedy, from the characters of Scripture, through the virtues and the vices, to real men, was arrested and turned into a new channel just after the middle of the sixteenth century. At that time began to appear translations and adaptations of Latin comedy and tragedy. And in the decade between 1580 and 1590 there came to the front several notable playwrights, brilliant and daring young men, who, educated at the universities, were able to transform the English drama. Among them were George Peele, Robert Greene, and Christopher Marlowe. Their work was further developed and completed by Shakespeare.

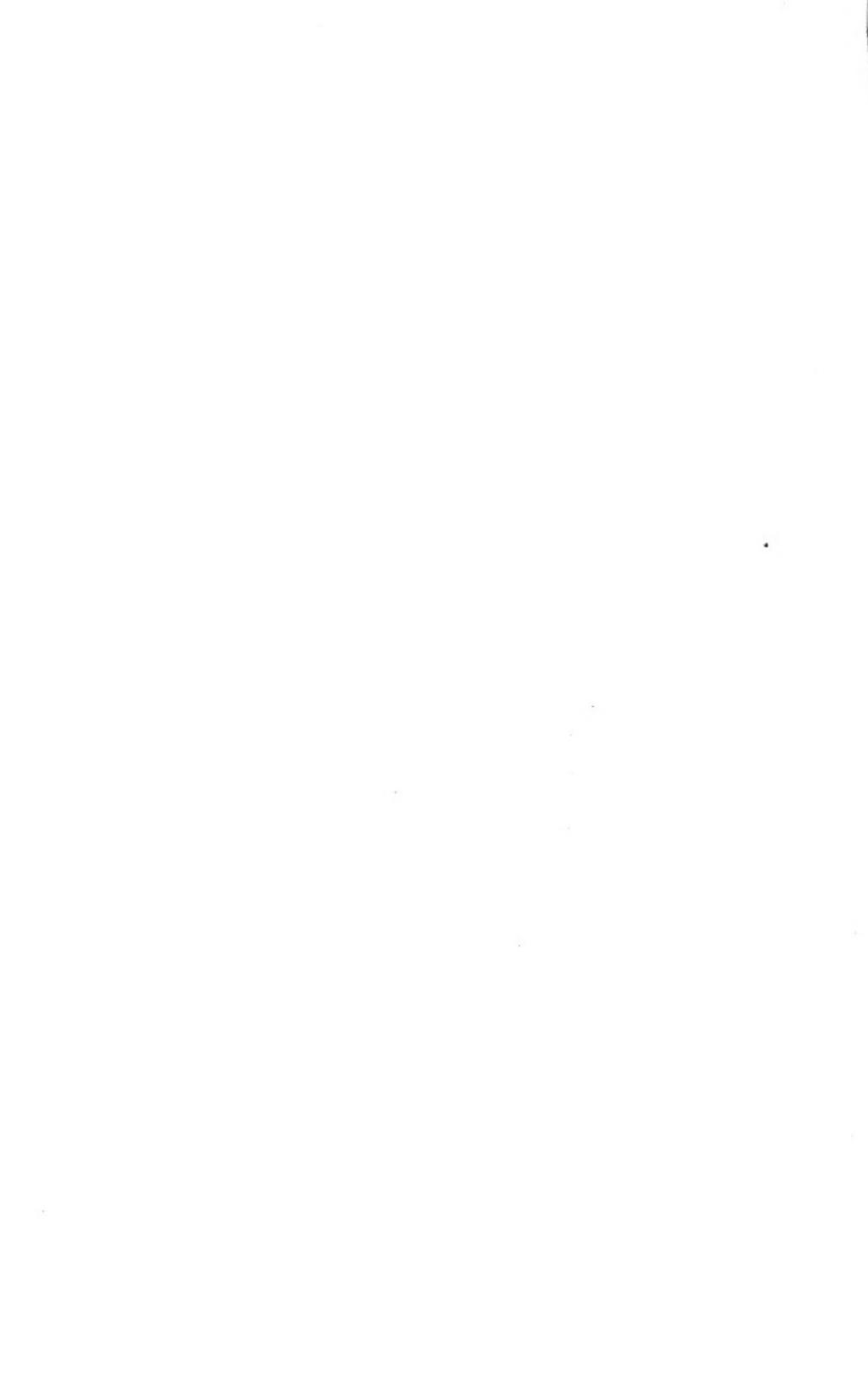
The drama, after breaking away from the Church and the guilds, had, by the sixteenth century, fallen for the most part into the hands of strolling players, who went about from place to place performing where they could, — in halls, open squares, and inn-yards. But when Shakespeare arrived in London, he found two theaters, which were situated in the parish of Shoreditch, in the fields: one was called *The Theatre*, and the other *The Curtain*. During the next few years others rapidly sprang up, among which were *The Rose*,

The Swan, *Blackfriars*, and *The Globe*. In the last-named theater — which was built on the right bank of the Thames, and could be reached from the city either by crossing London bridge or by water — Shakespeare was, as we have before observed, a shareholder, drawing from it perhaps four hundred pounds a year. Of these theaters considerable is known; for in some cases there still exist notes about them made by visitors, and even the details of the contracts for their building. The main part was open to the sky, only the boxes, or the “rooms,” being invariably covered. There was, however, for the stage a roof, called “the heavens,” which seems to have been movable.

One of the most curious features of the London theater was the stage, which projected into the pit, or “the yard,” as it was still called. The stage was nearly bare of scenery, a change of place being indicated by a sign hung out, or by some slight modification of the furniture. The Elizabethan audience was made up of all sorts and conditions. People of the lower class from the streets of London stood in the pit, which was without seats. Men of higher rank would occupy the boxes, which were reached by stairways from the pit. In the boxes, too, might be women in mask; but women of respectability, unless disguised, would keep away. In the rear of the stage there was a gallery over the dressing room of the actors. This was for persons of distinction who visited the theater, or it might serve for an upper stage where one was required, as in *Romeo and Juliet*. Even upon the stage spectators were permitted to sit and remark about the play as it was progressing. Here, at the sides, were placed stools for young gentlemen who wished to display their fine clothing and their wit and to see the ghost of Banquo near at hand. This strange license is partly accounted for from the fact that the rôles of women were taken by men. Lady Macbeth, for example, would be a man in woman’s dress. All the stage arrangements were



The Globe Theatre, London.



primitive. We may infer, for instance, from a contemporary account of a performance of *Macbeth*, that the borders of the heath in the third scene were represented by a few small trees brought upon the stage. Through this improvised wood, Banquo and Macbeth entered on horses, which were probably hobby-horses,¹ made of pasteboard and bound about their bodies.

And yet for all this crudeness, there was, I think, full compensation. The Elizabethan dramatist addressed the imagination and kept it awake. Painted scenery and foot-lights have since invaded the theater, and literature has made her exit.

III. THE WITCHES

From the Middle Ages onward, all classes believed that there were two powerful hierarchies of spirits contending for supremacy in the world. On the one hand were God and the hosts of Heaven, whose earthly counterpart was the Church, with her long line of ministers from the pope and cardinals down to the humblest parish priest. On the other hand were Satan and innumerable demons, whose instruments were magicians, warlocks, and witches. These demons of the higher rank were the old divinities of Greek and Teutonic mythology, whom the saints of the new religion had driven from Olympus and Asgard.

By Shakespeare's time this mediæval conception of the way in which good and evil work in men's minds had lost much of its dignity. The learned magicians had degenerated into quack doctors; and superstition had come to regard witches as the most mischievous of Satan's agents. A contemporary writer thus described them:—

“[They] are women which be commonly old, lame,

¹ For the hobby-horse, see *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, by F. Douce, p. 598.

bleare-eied, pale, fowle, and full of wrinkles, . . . in whose drousie minds the divell hath gotten a fine seat. . . . They are leane and deformed, shewing melancholie in their faces, to the horror of all that see them."

Of the power imputed to them, the same writer added:—

"These be they that raise haile, tempests, and hurtful weather; as lightening, thunder, etc. . . . These can throwe children into waters, as they walke with their mothers, and not be seene. These can make horsses kicke, till they cast the riders. These can passe from place to place in the aire invisible. . . . These can bring trembling to the hands, and strike terror into the minds of them that apprehend them. These can manifest unto others, things hidden and lost, and foreshew things to come; and see them as though they were present. These can alter men's minds to inordinate love or hate. These can kill whom they list with lightening and thunder."

The witch, it was held, entered into some sort of compact with Satan. Appearing to her in person, dressed all in black, he would promise her something on which she had set her heart, as revenge against her neighbor, on condition that she should abjure Christianity and swear allegiance to himself. But the gifts of Satan were unsatisfying and illusory; for there was always some defect in them, as the Macbeths discovered when they had gained the throne of Scotland.

Just as the Church had its masses and festivals, celebrated by day in magnificent cathedrals, so at midnight, in distant fields or on remote heaths, the servants of Satan met their lord and worshiped him in wild carnival. The spot, however fair it might have been, never bloomed again; for, like the heath in *Macbeth*, it was blasted by the feet of demons. This feast was called the WITCHES' SABBATH, for it often took place just after midnight of Friday, that is, in the first hours of the Jewish Sabbath. Here congregated

witches by thousands, riding through the air on broomsticks, or borne on the backs of demons who, for the occasion, had transformed themselves into animals. After prostrating themselves before Satan seated on his throne, and after relating the evil deeds they had committed since the last Sabbath, they chose, or had assigned to them, their attending spirits, called "familiars," and departed at the crowing of the cock to work more mischief throughout the world. The first scene in *Macbeth* is the conclusion of such a Sabbath; and the mad rites about the cauldron in the first scene of the fourth act is an incident—and not the most loathsome—of the witches' nocturnal orgies.

That there were witches who thus assembled at dead of night to plan evil was implicitly believed, not only by the common folk, but, for the most part, by men of learning. The superstition was questioned by no English writer (so far as I know) before 1584. In that year a Kentish gentleman, named Reginald Scot, published a remarkable book—from the third and fourth chapters of which we quoted above—entitled *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*. Though he cast no doubt on the hierarchies of good and bad spirits, he maintained that the so-called witches were poor deluded old women wholly innocent of any dealing with Satan. This was the beginning of a lively controversy over witchcraft. A few years later, James the Sixth of Scotland, while returning from Denmark with his bride, was nearly wrecked by storms, which, it was gravely related, were caused by witches, who followed his ship in sieves, making merry and drinking wine on the way. Having this personal grudge against witches, and being steeped in superstition from childhood, James now wrote, as a counterblast to Scot's book, a pamphlet on demonology (1597), which is a monument in the history of intolerance. In 1603 this James became king of England. Shakespeare, like other men of the time, could not fail to take interest in the controversy

going on about him. At least, he saw how witchcraft could be effectively treated as a motive in the drama; and he certainly managed to convey his own views of the superstition.

Test Shakespeare's knowledge at any point, and he will be found master of his subject. Every detail of *Macbeth* is in exact accord with the current beliefs. But for his purposes, Shakespeare selected his incidents and elevated them to the realm of poetry. The relation between the witches and their familiars and Satan he does not elaborate, for that was all supplied by his audience. It is, perhaps, noticeable that there is no open compact between Macbeth and the powers of evil. Instead of this, Shakespeare represents Macbeth as in moral harmony with them. The witches know that he is in a mood favorable to evil solicitations, and they set about their work that they may have some notable deed to relate at the next Sabbath. By prophecies and equivocations they lead him on and on in the way he has chosen, to the throne and to ruin. The witches, which were in popular superstition uncanny old women, Shakespeare so heightens and spiritualizes that they come to stand for that power in the world working man's moral destruction. And finally, he so subtilizes his material, that the air-drawn dagger, the ghost, and the witches' cauldron become but the hallucination of a guilty conscience. Such was the psychological insight with which Shakespeare wrote a play that loses none of its truth to human nature from the fact that it is embellished by superstitions long since of the past.

IV. THE VERSE

Macbeth, like all of Shakespeare's later plays, is written mostly in BLANK VERSE, that is, in verse without rhyme. The typical line consists of five measures, each measure

having two syllables. A stress of the voice — which may be strong or weak, as sense and music require — comes regularly on the second syllable in each measure. The following is the typical line:—

Whose hór | rid im̄ | age dóth | unfíx | my hair (I, iii, 135).

No real poet would ever write continuously in this way, for the monotony would be intolerable. To the poet, language is, as it were, an instrument on which he plays for many effects. In the drama especially, he seeks to approach, within certain limits, the naturalness of the best speech as he feels it should be uttered by his characters in a great variety of situations. In rhetorical passages, the meter will be fairly uniform; in quiet narrative and description, it will be graceful; in passionate scenes, it will be broken by emotion. Thus Shakespeare always suits the action to the word and the word to the action.

To this end he often **SHIFTS** the stress from the second to the first syllable. This shifting may occur anywhere. It is, however, most common in the first measure or after a pause. The following are examples:—

This cas̄ | tle hath̄ | a plē | sant seat̄ ; | the air
Nimbly | and sweet̄ | ly rē | commends̄ | itself (I, vi, 1-2).

What̄ is | amiss̄ ? |
Yoū are | and dō | not know̄'t (II, iii, 78).

The cloū | dy mes̄ | senger̄ | tur̄ns me | his back (III, vi, 41).

And yet | I would | not sleep̄ : | merci | ful powers (II, i, 7).

Still greater ease of movement is attained by an **EXTRA SYLLABLE** at the end of a line or before a pause at the close of the second or the third measure. The line last quoted comes near to having such a syllable. Better examples are:—

Give me | the dag | gers : | the sleep | ing and | the dead (II, ii, 53).
 Unto | our gen | tle sens | es. | This guest | of sum | mer (I, vi, 3).

Moreover, a line may contain **SIX MEASURES**, thus becoming what is technically called an Alexandrine. This is rather common when the line is divided between two characters. For example:—

Put on | their in | struments. | Receive | what cheer | you may
 (IV, iii, 239).
 I take | my leave | at once. |
 Sirrah, | your fa | ther's dead (IV, ii, 30).

On the other hand, a line sometimes has only **FOUR MEASURES**, especially if it is broken:—

To th' ¹ self | same tuné | and words. | Who's here ? (I, iii, 88).
 As thou | didst leave | it. |
 Doubtful | it stood (I, ii, 7).

STILL SHORTER LINES are also employed by Shakespeare, especially in rapid dialogue and at the beginning and at the end of speeches. For example:—

This is | a sor | ry sight (II, ii, 20).
 Shall harm | Macbeth (IV, i, 81).

Any measure may contain **THREE SYLLABLES**. But it will be observed that the extra syllable is exceedingly light. See I, ii, 46; I, vii, 22; II, iii, 98; and the famous line:—

The mul | titu | dinous seas | incar | nadine (II, ii, 62).

On the other hand, measures of **ONE SYLLABLE** are not uncommon. In these instances there is usually a pause at

¹ All contractions in this discussion of Shakespeare's verse appear in the First Folio.

the end of the measure, or a monosyllable is so prolonged as to become a dissyllable. See *here*, I, vi, 6; *Come*, I, v, 38; *Fare*, IV, iii, 111; and

'Gainst my | captiv | ity. | *Hail*, | brave friend (I, ii, 5).

In Shakespeare's time many words which we now usually pronounce in full WERE CONTRACTED. Most of these contractions are shown in the text of this edition. Several, however, are not indicated. For example, the vowel of *the* was often elided or slurred when the article immediately follows or immediately precedes a vowel with which it may be united in pronunciation. We have the authority of the First Folio for scores of contractions like these:—

And wish | th' estate | o' th' world | were now | undone (V, v, 50).

The vowels marked as contracted may be LIGHTLY TOUCHED. The measure is then to be regarded as trisyllabic. So one may sometimes choose between *I am* and *I'm* and between *I have* and *I've*. See, for example, I, iii, 133; and I, iv, 20.

Moreover, many words in Shakespeare's day WERE INDIFERENTLY PRONOUNCED in either of two ways. Among them are *entrance* or *enterance*, *remembrance* or *rememberance*, *conference* or *confrence*, *children* or *childeeren*, *murdering* or *murdring*, *slaughterous* or *slaughtrous*, *monstrous* or *monsterous*, *enemy* or *enmy*, *misery* or *misry*, *spirits* or *sprites*, *whether* or *wher*. *Devil* and *evils* were also apparently monosyllabic, as in IV, iii, 56-57. Observe:—

That croaks | the fa | tal en | t[e]rance | of Dun | can (I, v, 37).

Final *ion* may be dissyllabic, especially at the end of a line:—

Which smoked | with blood | y ex | ecu | tiön (I, ii, 18).

The same word, however, is monosyllabic in

Whose ex | ecu | t̄ion takes | your en | emy off (III, i, 104).

Final *ed*, where not marked in the text as contracted, is sometimes pronounced:—

Their drench | ed na | tures lie | as in | a death (I, vii, 68).

The NORMAL ACCENT of several words found in *Macbeth* as shifted since Shakespeare's time. Observe *chástise*, I, v, 25; *báboon's*, IV, i, 37; *cónjure*, IV, i, 50; *obscure*, II, iii, 40; and the following:—

Stop up th' accéss and passage to remorse (I, v, 42).

Authóriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! (III, iv, 66).

Bounty, *perséverance*, mercy, lowliness (IV, iii, 93).

To be his púrveyor: but he rides well (I, vi, 22).

The accented syllable of PROPER NAMES is easily determined from the requirements of the verse. *Hécate*, written *Hecat*, by Shakespeare's first editors, is always dissyllabic. *Dúnsináne* is thus accented on the first and the last syllable, except in IV, i, 93, where it is DUN SIN' ANE. *Glámis* is usually dissyllabic, and in every instance it may be so regarded.

THE WITCH SCENES are written in short lines, each line having, for the most part, four stressed syllables. The meter is mainly trochaic, usually truncated, that is, lacking a final unstressed syllable. But interspersed with trochaic lines are pure iambies; and the speeches of Hecate, in III, v, and in IV, i, are iambic throughout. The first two lines of the play run thus:—

Whén shall | wé three | meet a | gain (trochaic).

In thún | der, light | ning, ór | in rain? (iambic).

RHYME. The speeches of the witches are almost invariably in rhyming couplets. In other parts of the play there occur in all about a hundred rhymes. Note the use

of them, especially at the close of the various scenes, and in moralizing passages.

Any analysis of Shakespeare's verse is necessarily inadequate; for there are so many **SUBTLE VARIATIONS** which can only be felt. The student will notice that the stress varies much in degree. In some measures it is exceedingly light, and in others the voice dwells upon both syllables. Read aloud the lines I have quoted with this statement in mind. For the light stress observe the first and third measures in this line:—

He hath | a wis | dom that | doth guide | his valour (III, i, 52).

Now observe the stress on both syllables in the second, fourth, and fifth measures in this line:—

What hath | quench'd them | hath given | me fire. | Hark !
Peace ! (II, ii, 2).

As an exercise, make a study of the meter in one or two passages: for example, Act I, sc. v, lines 37-55, and Act I, sc. vi, lines 1-10.

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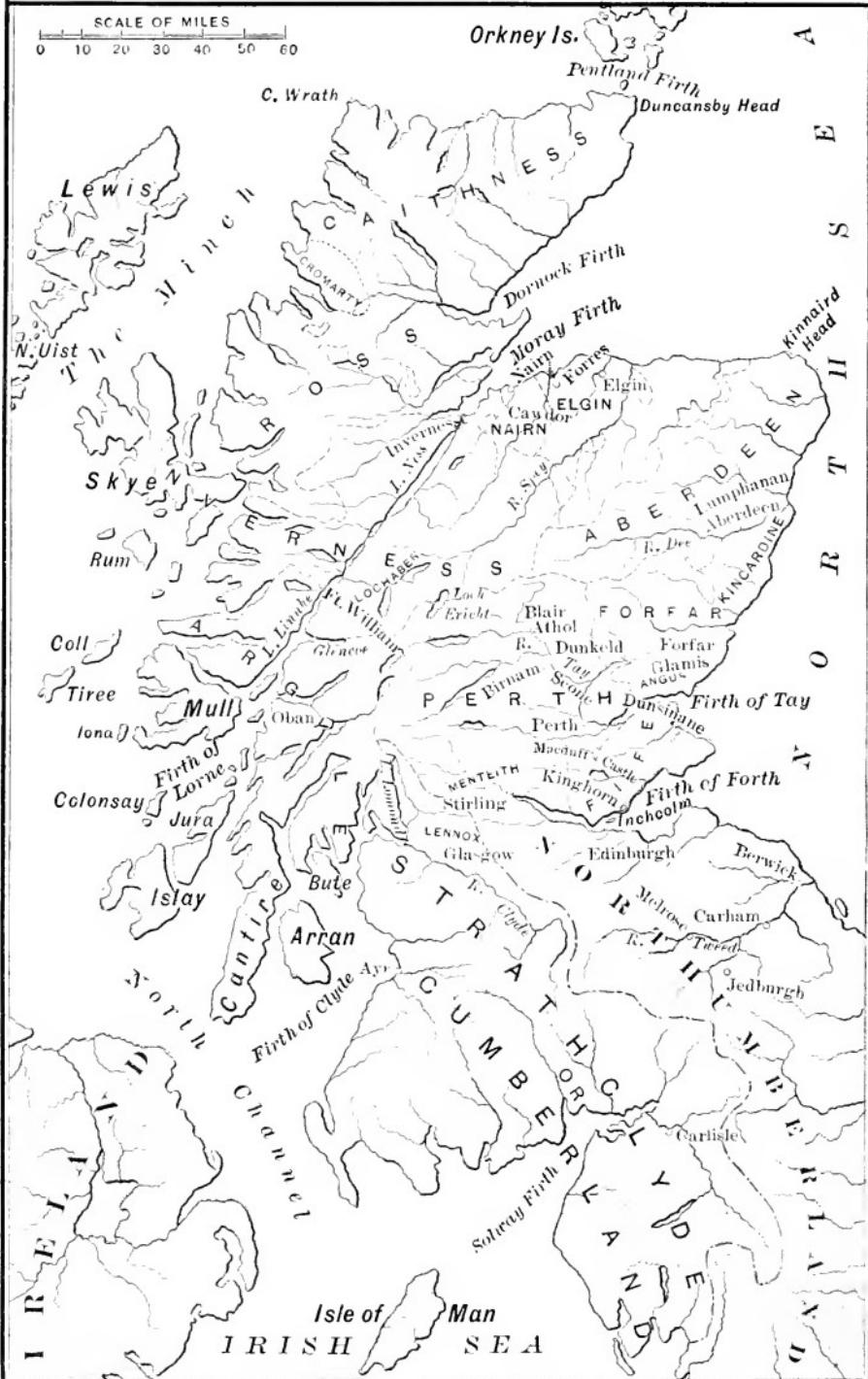
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MAP OF SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATING "MACBETH"

SCALE OF MILES

0 10 20 30 40 50 60



MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } his sons.
DONALBAIN,

MACBETH, } generals of the king's army.
BANQUO,

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS,

} noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the
English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers.

SCENE—*Scotland : England.*

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE I. *A desert place*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

5 *Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon!

10 *All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

5 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald —
10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him — from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
15 Show'd like a rebel's whore : but all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
20 Till he faced the slave ;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !
25 *Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
30 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Ser. Yes ;
35 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 40 Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;
 They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here ?

Enter Ross.

45 *Mal.* The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should
 he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king !

Dun. Whence comest thou, worthy thane ?

Ross. From Fife, great king ;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

50 And fan our people cold. Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

55 Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness !

Ross. That now

60 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

St. Colme's Inch
50,000 £

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 65 Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: — “ Give me
 5 quoth I :

“ Aroint thee, witch ! ” the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 10 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
 15 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay :
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 20 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 He shall live a man forbid :
 Weary se'nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,



“All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!”

25 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

30 *Third Witch.* A drum, a drum !

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about :

35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace ! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres ? What are these

40 So wither'd and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught

That man may question ? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

45 Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can : what are you ?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis !

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor !

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king here-
50 after !

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ? I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 55 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 60 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

65 *First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

70 *Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,

75 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 80 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 85 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here ?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 90 The news of thy success ; and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend .
 Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 95 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post ; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

100 *Ang.* We are sent
 To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 105 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
 In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet ;
 110 But under heavy judgement bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;

115 But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus] Thanks for
your pains.

[To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them ?

120 *Ban.* That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
125 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.— /

130 [Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
135 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
140 Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 145 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 150 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
 Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

155 *Ban.* Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX,
 and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die: who did report
 5 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 10 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, Ross, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

- 15 The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
20 Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Maeb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
25 Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
30 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
35 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
40 Not unaccompanied invest him only,

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you :
45 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland ! that is a
step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
50 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ;
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
55 And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success : and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which 5 they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor ;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver 10 thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not

lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promised : yet do I fear thy nature ;
 15 It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
 To eatch the nearest way : thou wouldest be great ;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it : what thou wouldest highly,
 That wouldest thou holily ; wouldest not play false,
 20 And yet wouldest wrongly win : thou’ldst have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries “ Thus thou must do, if thou have it ” ;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 25 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown’d withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

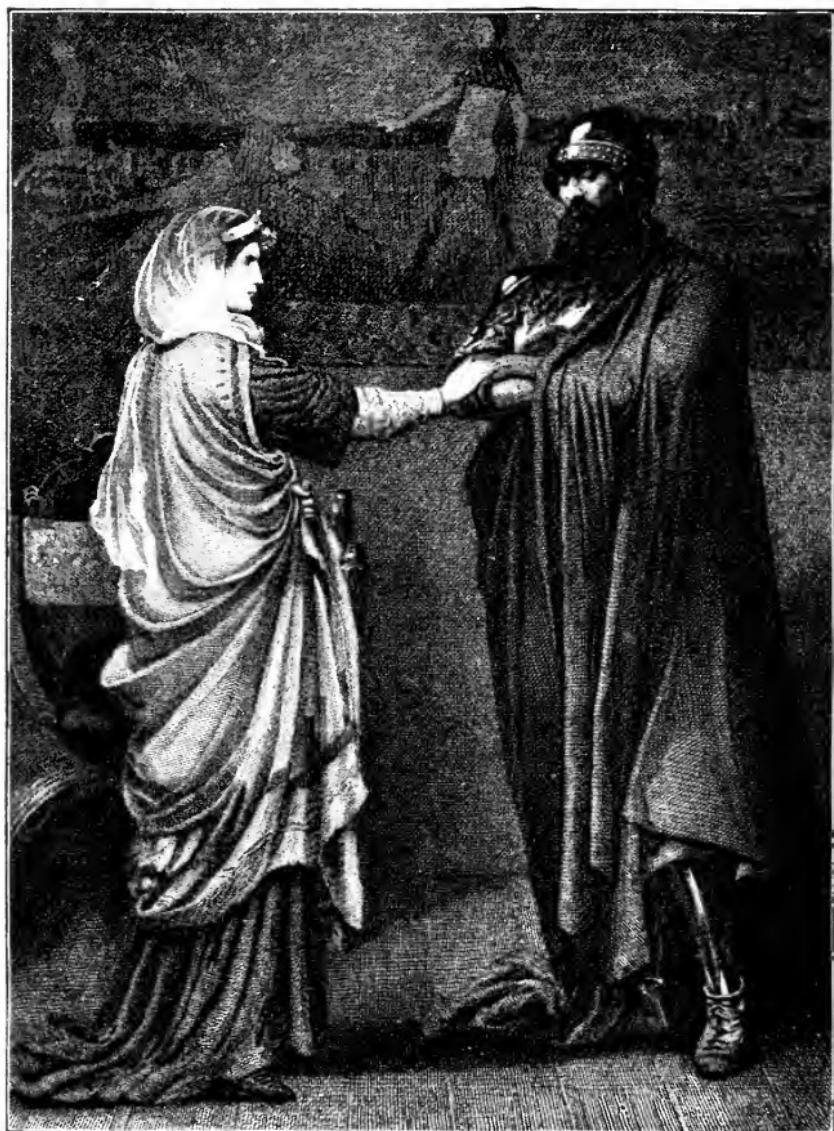
Lady M. Thou’rt mad to say it :

30 Is not thy master with him ? who, were’t so,
 Would have inform’d for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming :
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

35 *Lady M.* Give him tending ;
 He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan



"Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for."

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 40 And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctionous visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 45 The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
 50 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry " Hold, hold ! "

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 55 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !
 60 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 65 Must be provided for : and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch ;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
 70 To alter favour ever is to fear :
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before MACBETH's castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 5 By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

10 *Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess !
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
 How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
 15 In every point twice done and then done double,
 Were poor and single business to contend

Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

20 *Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor: but he rides well ;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guests to-night.

25 *Lady M.* Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
 Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
 30 And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. MACBETH'S castle

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants
 with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then
 enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 5 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 10 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
15 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
20 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
25 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

30 *Lady M.* Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

35 *Lady M.* Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid

40 To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

45 *Macb.* Prithee, peace :

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;

50 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adh're, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

55 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M. We fail !

60 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,

65 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbee only : when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon

70 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
75 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
80 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of MACBETH's castle*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I tak't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
5 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

10 Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.

15 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

20 I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb.

I think not of them :

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

At your kind'st leisure.

25 *Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

30 *Ban.* Thanks, sir : the like to you !

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.

35 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

40 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

45 Or else worth all the rest ; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world

- 50 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 55 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 60 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
 me bold;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
 Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
 5 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

10 And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready ;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
 15 *Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

20 *Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
 "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them :
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.

25 *Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
 As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
 When they did say "God bless us!"

30 *Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce "Amen"?
 I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

35 *Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep" — the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

40 *Lady M.* What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
 "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
 thane,

45 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

50 *Macb.* I'll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
 55 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
 For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
 60 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
65 To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it, then ! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark !
more knocking.

70 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[Knocking within.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed ! If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking
within.] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the name
of Beelzebub ? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th'
5 expectation of plenty : come in time ; have napkins enow
about you ; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking within.]
Knock, knock ! Who's there, in the other devil's name ?
Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the
scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough
10 for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : O, come
in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock !
Who's there ? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither,
for stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ; here you
may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock ;

15 never at quiet ! What are you ? But this placee is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon ! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

20 Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him ; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

25 Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;

30 But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

35 Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
40 New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. "Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

45 *Macd.* O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macb. } What's the matter ?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building !

50 *Macb.* What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.*
Awake, awake !

55 Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason !

Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! Malcolm, Banquo !

60 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O gentle lady,

65 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
 Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
 What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.
 70 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality :
 75 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead ;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?
Macb. You are, and do not know't.
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 80 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom ?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 85 Upon their pillows :
 They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

90 *Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
95 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known ?

100 *Lady M.* Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. [Aside to MAL.] What should be spoken here,
where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?

105 Let's away ;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :

[LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

110 And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

- All.* So all.
 115 *Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
 [Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
 120 *Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
 The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
 125 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Outside MACBETH's castle**Enter Ross and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

- Ross.* Ah, good father,
 5 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?
 10 *Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawked at and kill'd,

Ross. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —

15 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
 20 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

Macd. They were suborn'd :

25 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still !

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means ! Then 'tis most like
 30 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
 To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

35 *Ross.* Will you to Seone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there : adieu !
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

40 *Old M.* God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace**Enter BANQUO.*

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
 Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity,
 5 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 10 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. *Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing unbecoming. . .

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

15 *Ban.* Let your highness
 Command upon me; to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

20 *Macb.* We should have else desired your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
25 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
30 In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
35 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.]

40 Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men

45 Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
50 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 55 My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 60 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
 65 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 70 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

75 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
 80 How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed
 Say "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
85 Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

90 *First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
95 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

100 That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,

105 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

110 *First Mur.* And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

115 *Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
120 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

125 *Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
130 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
135 Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt* Murderers.]

140 It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The palace*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

5 Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

10 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
15 Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

20 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

(After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

25 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

35 *Lady M.* You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
40 Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

45 *Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
50 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
55 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A park near the palace

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur.

Maebeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

5 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

10 *Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation

Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

15 *First Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon BANQUO.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [Dies. FLEANCE escapes.]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Wasn't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

20 *Sec. Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, Ross, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

5 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
10 Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.] There's blood
upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
15 Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
20 Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [Aside.] Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect,
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 As broad and general as the easing air :
 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
 25 To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :

[Aside.] There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's fled
 30 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
 No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone : to-morrow
 We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
 35 'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both !

Len. May't please your highness sit.

The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place.

40 *Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance !

Ross. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
 45 To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

50 *Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

55 The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion:

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

60 *Lady M.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

65 A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

70 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

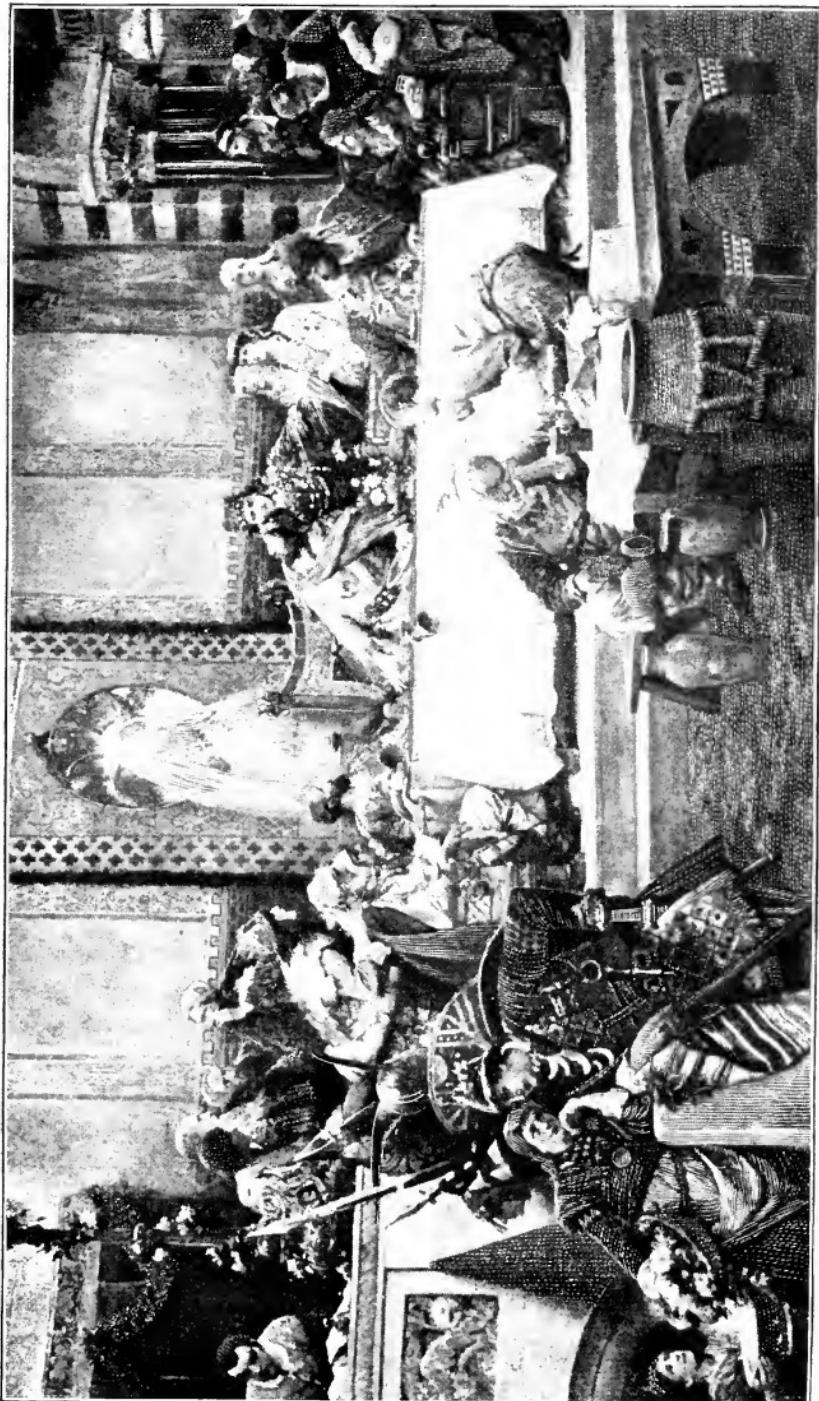
[*Exit Ghost.*

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

75 *Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,



"Thou canst not say I did it."

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal ;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear : the time has been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 80 And there an end ; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools : this is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

85 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
 Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full.
 I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
 90 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
 Would he were here ! to all and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide
 thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
 95 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

100 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble : or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 105 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,

With most admired disorder.

110 *Macb.* Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 115 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
 worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:
 And not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

120 *Len.* Good night; and better health
 Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY M.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have
 blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
 Augures and understood relations have
 125 By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

130 *Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

135 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

140 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Heath

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE^{with}

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

5 In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

10 And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,

15 And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
20 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
25 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
30 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: "Come away, come away," &c.*]

Hark ! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.
First Witch. Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back
again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
5 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

- Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 10 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 15 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key —
 As, an't please heaven, he shall not — they should find
 20 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?
- Lord.* The son of Duncan,
 25 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court, and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
 30 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
 That, by the help of these — with Him above
 To ratify the work — we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 35 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
 All which we pine for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

40 *Lord.* He did: and with an absolute “Sir, not I,”
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say “ You’ll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.”

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

45 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed !

Lord.

I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron*
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
 5 In the poisoned entrails throw.
 Toad, that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 15 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 25 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chadron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

35 *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood ;
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
 40 And every one shall share i' the gains :
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song : "Black Spirits," &c.*
 [HECATE retires.]

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 45 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

50 *Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 55 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germens tumble all together,
 60 Even till des uction sicken ; answer me
 To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,
 Or from our masters ?

Macb. Call 'em ; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 65 Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
 Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. *First Apparition : an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought :
 70 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Mac-
 duff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded : here's another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition : a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
so The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
85 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition : a Child crowned, with a tree in
his hand.

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

90 *Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be :
95 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
100 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, if your art
Can tell so much : shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
105 And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know.

Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ? [*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show !

Sec. Witch. Show !

Third Witch. Show !

110 *All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart !

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand ;
BANQUO's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

115 A third is like the former. Filthy hags !

Why do you show me this ? A fourth ! Start, eyes !

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?

Another yet ! A seventh ! I'll see no more :

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

120 Which shows me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight ! Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What,
is this so ?

125 *First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights :

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

130 While you perform your antic round ;

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music.* The Witches dance, and then vanish, with HECATE.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

5 Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
10 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

15 I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further ;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
20 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
25 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfert:

I take my leave at once.

[Exit.]

30 *L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

35 *L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'ldest never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

40 *L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

45 *L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

50 *L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

55 *Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

60 *Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would

not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
65 Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
70 To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm
75 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm ?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces ?

First Mur. Where is your husband ?
80 *L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !

First Mur. What, you egg !
[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.]

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder !"]

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn
5 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and what I can redress,
10 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
15 You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
20 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.
25 *Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 30 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
 The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
 35 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
 40 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds: I think withal
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
 45 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before,
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

50 *Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms.

55 *Macd.* Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

- Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 60 That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust, and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear
 65 That did oppose my will : better Macbeth
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

- In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 70 To take upon you what is yours : you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 75 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows

- In my most ill-composed affection such
 A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
 80 Desire his jewels and this other's house :
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice

- 85 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own : all these are portable,
 90 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 95 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

100 *Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd!

105 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,

110 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Maeduff, this noble passion,
 115 Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me

120 From over-credulous haste: but God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and

- Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 125 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 130 No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself : what I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command :
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 135 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

- Mal.* Well ; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray
 140 you ?
Doct. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces
 The great assay of art ; but at his touch —
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand —
 They presently amend.
- 145 *Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]
Macd. What's the disease he means ?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
 A most miraculous work in this good king ;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 150 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 155 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

160 *Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

165 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

170 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

175 *Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

180 *Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes't ?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out ;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

185 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither : gracious England hath

190 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch them.

195 *Macd.* What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast ?

Ross. No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe ; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

200 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes

205 Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,

Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
 What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
 Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
 210 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !

My wife kill'd too ?

Ross. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted :
 Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
 215 To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones ?
 Did you say all ? O hell-kite ! All ?
 What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

220 *Macd.* I shall do so ;
 But I must also feel it as a man :
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
 And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
 225 They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
 Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

230 *Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
 And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle heavens,
 Cut short all intermission ; front to front
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
 Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too !

235 *Mal.* This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
240 The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.
Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?
Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

30 *Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who 35 knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? 40 — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of 45 that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

50 *Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have 55 known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

60 *Doct.* Even so?



"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

65 *Gent.* Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :
More needs she the divine than the physician.

70 God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane*

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenge burns in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

5 Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,

10 And many unrough youths, that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
15 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
20 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

25 *Caith.* Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
30 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
5 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
“ Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
 10 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !

Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

15 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?

Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton ! — I am sick at heart,

20 When I behold — Seyton, I say ! — This push

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;

And that which should accompany old age,

25 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton !

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

30 *Macb.* What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

35 Send out moe horses ; skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. "Ye me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

40 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

45 *Doct.* Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

50 Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
55 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ? Hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
60 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.



"Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff."

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
5 And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

10 *Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
15 Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
20 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
 The cry is still “They come :” our castle’s strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up :
 5 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. [A cry of women within.
 What is that noise ?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
 10 The time has been, my senses would have cool’d
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in’t : I have supp’d full with horrors ;
 Direnness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

15 Wherefore was that cry ?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 20 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
 25 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

30 *Mess.* Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

35 *Macb.* Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undon.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF,
and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
5 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
10 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

5 *Macb.* Thou'l be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

10 *Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!

15 If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

20 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not.

[*Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:

25 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt.* *Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field**Enter MACBETH.*

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn !

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
5 But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words :
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou losest labour :
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
10 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
15 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so ,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed ,
20 That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear ,
And break it to our hope . I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward ,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
25 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are ,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
“Here may you see the tyrant.”

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Maleolm’s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.

30 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: Lay on, Macduff,
And damn’d be him that first cries “Hold, enough!”

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

35 *Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt:
40 He only lived but till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm’d
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
45 Must not be measured by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll’d.

50 *Mal.* He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art: behold, where stands
55 The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

60 *Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
65 Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
70 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place :
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
75 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone,

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

[Reference to the bibliography on pp. xxvi–xxvii will make plain all abbreviations. The student should always have at hand a good dictionary,—SKEAT, the CENTURY, or WEBSTER.]

ACT I. SCENE I

On this scene as the conclusion of the witches' Sabbath, see Introduction, p. xix.

- 3 **hurlyburly**, a reduplicated word, meaning *uproar* or *tumult*.
- 8 **Graymalkin**. Malkin, a diminutive of Mary, was frequently applied to a menial. Here it is the name of a cat.
- 9 **Paddock**, diminutive of *padde*, a toad. Graymalkin and Paddock are the familiar spirits of the first two witches; they are fiends who have taken the forms of the cat and the toad. The attendant of the third witch is Harpier.—See IV, i, 3.
- 10 **Fair is foul, and foul is fair**. What is to others fair is to us foul; and what to others is foul is to us fair. The sentence is to be interpreted literally and figuratively.
- 11 **Hover**, let us hover.

(a) Notice that the mystical character of the witches is denoted by their number. (b) What powers not belonging to ordinary mortals do they possess? (c) To whom does the third witch address “anon”? (d) In the presentation of the scene, should the audience hear any cries through the storm? (e) Observe the dramatic purpose in mentioning Macbeth at once. (f) Why are the witches so anxious to meet *him* rather than some one else?

ACT I. SCENE II

A camp near Forres. “Probably situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from

Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance." — KNIGHT. For Forres, see map.

Meaning of *alarum*?

Look up the characters of this scene in the list of *dramatis personae*.

- 5 **captivity**, *i.e.* capture by the rebels.
- 9 **choke**, figurative for "render useless."
- 10 **for to that**, because to that end.
- 12 **western isles**, the islands off the west of Scotland, including perhaps Ireland.
- 13 **kerns and gallowglasses**. "Kerns were light-armed troops, having only darts, daggers or knives; the gallowglasses had helmet, coat of mail, long sword, and axe." — CLARK AND WRIGHT. Both words were usually applied to Irish troops.
- 15 **Show'd like**, had the smile and the false and showy appearance of.
- 16 **name**, refers to what?
- 19 **minion**, darling, or favorite.
- 21 **Which**. The antecedent is *Macbeth* (l. 16). Read *and he* for *Which*, and the meaning becomes clear.
- 22 **nave=navel**.
- 24 **cousin**, often used by Shakespeare as a courteous and kindly title; but here it is used in its literal sense. Macbeth and Duncan were grandsons of King Malcolm, Duncan's immediate predecessor.
- 25–28 **As whence . . . swells**. An allusion here to the equinoctial storms of spring. Explain the meaning of the passage, observing the play upon *spring*.
- 31 **Norwegian lord**, Sweno, king of Norway.
surveying vantage, meaning?
- 37 **cracks=reports**; the word is used by metonymy for *charges*.
- 38 **Doubly redoubled**, meaning?
- 40 **memorize**, make memorable.
Golgotha, see St. Matthew xxvii. 33.
- 45 **thane**, a nobleman, among the Anglo-Saxons, inferior to an earl.
- 47 **seems to speak**, is about to speak. From one who looks like Ross, you would expect strange tidings.

- 48 **Fife.** Look up on the map.
49 flout, mock.
50 **fan . . . cold,** stiffen with fear.
Norway, king of Norway.
53 Look up *Cawdor* on the map.
54 **Bellona,** Roman goddess of war.
proof, armor that has been proved or tested.
55 **self-comparisons,** hand-to-hand combat, blow for blow.
57 **lavish,** insolent.
59 **That,** so that.
60 Notice the plural *Norways'*, used instead of *Norwegians'*.
composition, terms of peace.
62 **Saint Colme's inch,** Saint Columba's Island, now called Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth. See map. Look up Saint Columba in the encyclopedia. Of course the battle was not fought on the island, but on the shore near it.
63 **dollars.** "The dollar was first coined about 1518, in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, whence its name, Joachim's-thaler." — CLARK AND WRIGHT. *Thaler*, dollar, from *thal*, a valley. Note Shakespeare's anachronism.
65 **Our bosom interest,** our nearest and dearest concerns.
present, instant. *
- (a) Relate in your own language the military events of this scene. (b) What kind of man is Macbeth held to be by the Sergeant, by Ross, and by the King? Note the expressions used to describe him. (c) What other side of Macbeth's character seems to be known to the witches? (d) Note that at this point we know of Macbeth only by hearsay; we have not yet seen him in action before us. Why does Shakespeare proceed in this way? Why not introduce Macbeth on the stage at once?
- (e) The versification of this scene is very irregular. Observe the accented syllables and their number in lines 3, 5, 7, 19, 20, 25, 34, 37, 40, 41, 51, 67. For *execution* (18), *minion* (19), and *reflection* (25), see Introduction, p. xxiii. Some would make *Hail* (5) dissyllabic; and *sergeant* (3) and *captains* (34) trisyllabic.

ACT I. SCENE III

A heath. “Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This ‘blasted heath’ is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.”—KNIGHT. See map.

- 2 **Killing swine.** One of the fifteen crimes with which witches were charged was that of killing men’s cattle.—SCOT, II, ix.
- 6 **Aroint thee,** begone.
rump-fed, fed on rumps, *i.e.* on “the best joints.”
ronyon, “scabby or mangy woman.”
- 7 **Aleppo**, in Asiatic Turkey; look up.
Tiger, name of ship. The sailor would land on the coast of Tripoli (in the Levant), and proceed overland to Aleppo. Write a metrical analysis of this line.
- 8 **in a sieve.** Witches were represented as going out to sea in great companies, in sieves, egg-shells, or cockle-shells. See Introduction, p. xix.
- 9 **like a rat without a tail.** The transformation of a witch or of an evil spirit into an animal was usually not quite complete.
- 10 **I'll do**, etc., gnaw a hole in the *Tiger*?

- 11-14. Witches could loan winds to one another, or sell them to others.
- 15 **blow**, blow upon ; hence, control.
- 17 **card**, chart ? or compass ?
- 18 I will drain the blood from his body.
- 20 A *pent-house* is a lean-to. See the dictionary.
- 21 **forbid**, cursed.
- 22-23. The witch, it was believed, could make her enemies pine away. She would mold an image of wax, hold it over a fire ; and as the wax melted, the person she hated would likewise waste away. This process she might begin, suspend, and resume, over a long period, even over *se'nnights nine times nine*. — How long ?
- 24 Why cannot the bark be lost ? Is the sailor protected by a good spirit ?
- 25 Who raises the tempest ?
- 32 **weird** (spelled *weyward* in the First Folio) is the Anglo-Saxon word *wyrd*, which means fate or destiny. On the common belief in the prophetic powers of witches, see Introduction, p. xviii. At this point Shakespeare is beginning to spiritualize his witches, making them stand for the awakened impulse in man's nature toward evil deeds. A common way of putting the ethical formula is to say that one ill deed begets another. You will see how this is illustrated in the career of Macbeth.
- hand in hand.** The witches dance in a ring, how many times ?
- 33 **Posters**, swift travelers.
- 38 See I, i, 10. Do you see any subtle significance in Macbeth's repetition of the words used by the witches in the first scene ? Does Shakespeare mean to imply that Macbeth and the witches are in moral harmony ?
- 44 **choppie**, chappy.
- 48 **Glamis.** See map.
- 49 **Cawdor.** See I, ii, 53.
- 51 Why is Macbeth startled ? Are we to suppose that he had already thought of usurping the throne ?
- 53 **fantastical**, beings created by the imagination.
- 54 **show**, appear to be.
- 57 **withal**, with it.

- 66 **happy**, fortunate.
- 71 **Sinel**, Macbeth's father.
- 73 **A prosperous gentleman**. See I, ii, 52. Is there a real inconsistency here, or is Macbeth playing a part for some purpose?
- 76 **owe**, have.
- 78 [Witches vanish.] They slowly withdraw through the air and seem to vanish like spirits. Here again Shakespeare spiritualizes his witches.
- 84 **the insane root**, the roots of hemlock, which, it was believed, made men imagine beings that do not really exist.
- 91 See I, ii, 50-58.
- 92-93 **His wonders . . . or his**. This is an Elizabethan conceit. The king's impulse to express wonder at the bravery of Macbeth is neutralized by the impulse to praise him. He is therefore silent.
- 97 **hail**. The First Folio has *tale* in the sense of counting, *i.e.* post came after post as rapidly as one could count. Which reading do you like better? Is there an exaggeration in either case?
- 104 **earnest**, assurance.
- 106 **addition**, title.
- 107 See line 49 of this scene. The devil spoke through the second witch.
- 112 **line**, strengthen.
- rebel**. Who is the rebel?
- 116 [**Aside.**] It is assumed that the aside is inaudible to the other characters on the stage, but distinctly heard by the audience. This is one of the conventions of the drama.
- 120 **home**, implicitly.
- 124 The witches are the instruments of evil spirits, and are to an extent identified with them.
- 128 Note here the language of the stage.
- 129 **imperial theme**, theme of empire.
- 130 **soliciting**, inciting.
- 131 **suggestion**, temptation.
- 137-138 The dangers of the present moment do not frighten one so much as the terrors of the future, created by the imagination. For we know precisely what must be faced in the present; but the future is uncertain.—A general observation.

- 139–142 The murder, as yet committed only in the imagination, paralyzes all the normal functions of the mind, so that what is seems not to be, and what is not seems real to me.
- 140 **single state** means *helpless state*; perhaps there is here the notion of a state shorn of its allies and thus enfeebled.
- 144 **Without my stir**, without my doing anything. Macbeth for the moment is disposed to leave to chance the question of his being king.
- 147 **Time . . . day.** The *chance* of line 144 now becomes *fate*. Macbeth believes there will come a time favorable to the murder of Duncan.
- 149 **Give me your favour**, pardon me.
- 149–150 **my dull brain . . . forgotten.** How far is Macbeth playing the hypocrite? For what purpose?
- 149 **wrought**=perplexed.
- (a) What is the appearance of the witches? (b) What are they able to do? (c) What expressions in the scene seem to lend to them a supernatural character? (d) By what means do they lead Macbeth to trust them? (e) How does Banquo regard them? (f) How do they affect Macbeth?

ACT I. SCENE IV

- 2 **Those in commission.** See I, ii, 65–67. Who executed Cawdor?
- 9 **studied in his death**, like an actor, who having to die on the stage, had studied well his part.
- 10 **dearest thing**, his life.
owed=owned.
- 11 **As**, followed by subjunctive, =as if.
careless trifle, a trifle he cared nothing for.
- 16–18 **thou art . . . overtake thee.** Explain the metaphor.
- 19 **proportion**, due proportion.
- 27 **Safe . . . honour**, that will render your love and honor assured.
- 30–31 **nor . . . No less.** Note the double negative. The absurd notion that two negatives make an affirmative is derived from the Latin. It is foreign to the genius of the Germanic languages.
- 33 **The harvest is your own.** Explain the metaphor.

- 34 **Wanton**, exuberant.
- 39 **Prince of Cumberland**. "Cumberland was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England as a fief."—CLARK AND WRIGHT. The nobleman named Prince of Cumberland would become King of Scotland on the death of the reigning monarch. See map for Cumberland.
- 42 **Inverness**, look up on map. Macbeth is to receive here Duncan as his guest.
- 44 To remain here, and thus to be unemployed in your active service, is tiresome to me.
- 45 **harbinger**. See the dictionary. Observe the appropriateness of the word here.
- 50 **Stars, hide your fires**. Is Macbeth thinking of the night on which he may assassinate the king?
- 52 **wink at**, not see.
let that be [done], *i.e.* the murder.
- 54–58 Of whom is Duncan speaking?

(a) Remark upon the death of Cawdor. (b) Characterize Duncan. (c) Does Macbeth's conduct and conversation in this scene illustrate the truth of lines 11–12? (d) What is the new obstacle in Macbeth's way to the throne? (e) How is Macbeth affected by it?

ACT I. SCENE V

Macbeth's castle. The castle at Inverness, built by Malcolm, Duncan's son, and still standing in Shakespeare's time, was dismantled in 1745. Boswell, who with Dr. Johnson visited it in 1773, thus writes: "It perfectly corresponds with Shakespeare's description. . . . Just as we came out of it a raven perched on one of the chimney-tops and croaked."

- 2 **perfectest report**, Macbeth's own observation? or had he inquired of others whether witches prophesy the truth?
- 6 **missives**, messengers.
- 11 **dues**, the occasion due you as my wife.
- 15 **the milk of human kindness**, the milk of human nature. Macbeth is not without some of those human instincts that we drink in, as it were, with our mothers' milk. See *kind* in the dictionary.

- 17-18 **but without** The illness should attend it. Thou hast not the wickedness that must attend greatness. Lady Macbeth does not mean that Macbeth's nature is free from evil. She only fears he may shrink from the murder when the occasion comes.
- 20-23 **thou'ldest have . . . be undone.** A troublesome passage. Thou wouldst have, great Glamis, that [the throne] which cries "Thus thou must do [kill Duncan], if thou have [at-tain] it;" and that [the murder of Duncan] which, etc.
- 27 **metaphysical**, supernatural. Note that both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth believe in the superhuman character of the witches.
- 29 **Thou'rt mad to say it.** Why does Lady Macbeth speak thus? Observe that she recovers herself.
- 34-35 **Who, almost . . . his message:** meaning?
- 36-38 **The raven . . . battlements.** The croaking of the raven announced the coming of Duncan. There may have been no raven at this time under the battlements; but in her excitement Lady Macbeth surely imagines one to be there. On the superstition, see SCOT, IX, iii: "To prognosticate that ghosts approach to your house, upon the chattering of pies or haggisters, whereof there can be yeelded no probable reason, is altogether vanitie and superstition."
- 39 **mortal thoughts**, murderous thoughts.
- 42 **remorse**, relenting, pity.
- 43 **compunctions visitings of nature**, the natural feelings of mercy and guilt.
- 44 **fell**, cruel, or deadly.
- 46 **take my milk for gall**, change by your demoniacal powers my milk into gall; stamp out every vestige of humanity in me. **murdering ministers**, ministers of murder.
- 47 **sightless substances**, spiritual essences not visible.
- 51 In this sublime imagery, darkness is regarded as a blanket encompassing the earth. Lady Macbeth would have it so thick that the light of heaven (the divine eye) may not penetrate it from above.
- 55 **This ignorant present.** The present time is called ignorant because ordinarily we cannot look into the future.
- 56 **in the instant**, in the present moment.

- 61 **To beguile the time**, to deceive those about you.
 65 **Must be provided for**. Is there a double meaning here?
 66 **into my dispatch**, into my hands to hasten forward.
 69 **look up clear**, *i.e.* with unclouded face.
 70 **favour**, face.

(a) Does Shakespeare give us entire the letter to Lady Macbeth? (b) Why did Macbeth not ask her to prepare for the reception of Duncan? (c) When, then, was the letter written? (d) Trace the effect upon Lady Macbeth, of the letter, the messenger, and the arrival of her husband. (e) Are the "murdering ministers" (line 46) the same as the witches? (f) What advice does Lady Macbeth give her husband? (g) And what is its purpose? (h) Does Macbeth seem to hesitate? (i) If you have not already done so, notice carefully the versification of lines 36-56.

ACT I. SCENE VI

For **Hautboys** in stage direction, see the dictionary.

- 1 **seat**, situation.
 2 **Nimbly**, briskly.
 3 **our gentle senses**, our senses soothed by the gentle air.
 4 **martlet**. Why "guest of summer"?
approve. prove.
 5 **loved mansionry**, abode of love.
 6 Read this line aloud. To get the normal number of accents, some would supply *cornice* after *jutty*. What do you think about it? See Introduction, pp. xxiii and xxv.
 7 **coign of vantage**, corner peculiarly suitable for building a nest.
 11-14 **The love . . . your trouble**. This over-refined compliment is thus explained by Deighton: "The love that constantly waits upon us sometimes is vexatious in its importunity, and yet, as being love, we give it the thanks due to it. By this example I teach you how you should ask God to reward us for the pains we have put you to, and thank us, rather than blame us, for the trouble we have given you." Duncan vaguely hints at honors to Macbeth that will result from his visit. Lady Macbeth so understands him.
 11 **sometime**=sometimes.

- 13 God 'ild us, God yield [reward] us.
 16 single, weak, suggested by *double* in line 15.
 20 hermits, "beadsmen, bound to pray for their benefactors."
 21 coursed, followed closely.
 22 purveyor, a person sent forward to provide, in advance, food
 for the king and his retinue. Observe the accent *púrreyor*.
 23 holp, holpen, helped; once a strong verb, and sometimes so
 used even now.
 25-28 Your servants . . . your own. This is the extreme lan-
 guage of compliment. Lady Macbeth included herself among
 the *servants* of the king. in *compt*=accountable. Still=
 always; this is its usual meaning in Shakespeare. State the
 meaning of the passage in your own language.
 31 The king here gives his hand to Lady Macbeth.
 (a) Memorize lines 1-10. (b) At what time of day do the
 guests arrive at the castle? (c) Are Lady Macbeth and
 Duncan sincere in their compliments? (d) Where is Mac-
 beth? (e) Is Duncan surprised at his absence? (f) After
 reading the next scene, observe the dramatic purpose of this
 scene.

ACT I. SCENE VII

Sewer, in stage direction, an officer who set and removed dishes,
 tasted them to prove they contained no poison, and brought
 water for the guests to wash their hands with. He here
 leads the servants across the stage to the dining hall, where
 we may suppose Duncan is supping.

- 1-2 If it were done . . . quickly. Emphasize the first *done*, and
 the meaning is clear.
 2-4 if the . . . success. This is an elaboration of the previous
 sentence. Macbeth fears the consequences of the murder.
Could trammel up, could gather and hold securely as in a
 net; **his surcease**, its cessation. *His* is the old genitive or
 possessive case of the neuter pronoun, and refers to *conse-
 quence*. *Its* just coming into use was rarely employed by
 Shakespeare.

- 4 that but = if only.
 6 this bank and shoal of time, this life here on earth. Human

life is compared to a narrow strip of land extending into an ocean.

- 7 **We'l d . . . come**, we would risk the future life.
- 8 **that** = so that.
- 10-12 **this . . . own lips**. What does Macbeth fear here?
- 14 **Strong . . . deed**. Both reasons — his being my kinsman and my being his subject — are strong against the deed.
- 17 **faculties**, his powers as king, prerogatives.
- 18 **clear**, free from reproach.
- 20 **taking-off** = assassination.
- 23 **sightless couriers of the air**, the winds.
- 25-28 **I have . . . other [side]**. Explain the metaphor.
- 34 **would**, "require to be," not quite "should" as used to-day.
- 37 **green and pale**, pale green, indicative of the wretched appearance of a man wakening from intoxication.
- 38 **freely**, spontaneously.
- 42 **ornament of life**, royalty.
- 45 **the adage**: "The cat would eat fish but she will not wet her feet."
- 47 **What beast**, etc. Were you then a beast when you suggested the murder? Is Lady Macbeth referring to the letter she received from her husband, or to a scene which Shakespeare leaves to our imagination?
- 59 **We fail!** In what tone does Lady Macbeth speak this?
- 60 **sticking-place**, where resolution will stick fast. The metaphor seems to be taken from the screwing up of the chords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension at which the pegs keep them fast.
- 64 **wassail**, deep drinking.
convince, overcome. Observe the derivation of the word.
- 65-67 **the warder . . . limbec only**: *warder* = guard; *receipt*, receptacle; *limbec* = alembic, cap of a still. The metaphor is taken from the language of alchemy and mediæval medicine. The wine causes vapors which rise from the stomach to the brain and paralyze it.
- 68 **a death**, a sort of death.
- 71 **spongy**, imbibing like a sponge.
- 72 **quell**, murder, but a softer word.
- 74 **received**, generally thought.

77 other, otherwise.

78 As, seeing that.

79–80 I am . . .feat. My determination is fixed, and I bend up my nerves and sinews to the terrible deed. From what is the metaphor taken?

- (a) To what conclusion does Macbeth come in his great soliloquy?—State the steps by which he arrives at this conclusion.
- (b) How does Lady Macbeth work upon him?
- (c) What definite plan of the murder does she suggest?
- (d) What is Macbeth's determination after hearing it?
- (e) From whom does the thought of murder first proceed?
- (f) Would Macbeth have ever come to the *sticking-place* without his wife's aid?
- (g) What motives lead her to urge her husband on?

ACT II. SCENE I

4–5 There's husbandry . . . out. It is a cloudy night. The metaphor is taken from Shakespeare's own observation. Thrifty folk would put out their candles early in the evening to save expense. *Husbandry* means *thrift*.

5 thee is a weak nominative here, used apparently for euphony. that, *i.e.* a sword belt or a dagger.

8 cursed thoughts: temptings of ambition, thoughts on what the witches prophesied? or suspicions of Macbeth?

14 largess, gifts.

offices, servants' hall.

15 withal, with.

16 shut up, *i.e.* is shut up, is wrapped up. *Shut up*, however, may be regarded as the past indicative, used intransitively, in the sense of *concluded*.

19 Which, what is the antecedent?
free, freely or unhindered.

25 consent, party. when 'tis, when the result is attained. Macbeth in vague language is promising Banquo honor if he will take his side.

28 franchised, unstained.

allegiance clear, loyalty to Duncan unsullied.

31 drink, the night-cup, taken before going to bed.

- 36 **fatal vision**: sent by fate? or fate-bringing?
- 44-45 **Mine eyes . . . rest.** Macbeth sees the dagger, but it eludes his grasp.
- 46 **dudgeon**, wooden haft.
gouts, drops, from French *goutte*.
- 50 **abuse**, deceive.
- 51 **curtain'd sleep.** Why is sleep curtained? Notice the meter of this line.
- 51-52 **witchcraft . . . offerings.** Witches are making offerings to Hecate. Hecate, in Greek mythology, was the goddess of the lower world, and also of witchcraft. The latter rank she retained in mediæval demonology. Her the witches obey, and from her come to the earth phantoms and demons. See Hecate in a classical dictionary. The word is dissyllabic throughout this play — *Hécate*.
- 52 **wither'd murder**, why "wither'd"?
- 53 **alarum'd**, awakened.
- 54 **Whose howl's his watch.** The periods of the night are announced to the murderer by the howls of the wolf.
- 55 **Tarquin's ravishing stride.** For the allusion, see Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, or a classical dictionary.
- 61 **gives** is the plural once used in the north of England. Shakespeare sometimes employs the plural in *s* in preference to the Midland, which is the form of modern literary English. See T. R. Lounsbury's *History of the English Language*, Part I, pp. 128-129, and Part II, p. 413.
- 62 **the bell invites me.** See line 32. The bell was evidently to announce that Lady Macbeth had everything ready for the murder.
- (a) What time of day is it? (b) Why is Banquo up so late?
 (c) Why is he armed? (d) What does Macbeth hint at in the conversation? (e) Does Banquo understand him?
 (f) What is Banquo's reply? (g) Is the dagger sweating drops of blood a creation of Macbeth's imagination? or is it a phantom created by evil spirits and thus visible to the audience as well as to Macbeth? (h) Was Macbeth resolved to commit the murder before he saw the dagger?—See line 42. (i) What effect does the apparition have upon his imagination?

ACT II. SCENE II

- 3 **the fatal bellman.** the bellman that was sent to condemned persons the night before execution. The screech of the owl was, among the superstitious, an augury of death.—SCOTT XI, xv.
- 5 **grooms,** in general, servants; specifically, the officers attending Duncan.
- 6 **possets.** “Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd.”—CLARK AND WRIGHT. It was so thick that it was really *eaten* not drunk.
- 7 **That,** so that. See I, ii, 59. To this use of *that*, it will not be necessary to call further attention.
- nature, the vital forces.
- 8 **Macbeth.** [Within.] Here Shakespeare evidently makes use of the rear gallery, or second stage. See Introduction, p. xvi. From there Macbeth's exclamation is heard, and perhaps he himself is for a moment visible.
- 10-11 **The attempt . . . us.** The attempt without the deed would ruin us.
- 12 **'em,** the old objective of the personal pronoun, which was *hem*. It is not a contraction of *them*.
- 15 **crickets.** The cricket, like the owl, foretold death.—GRIMM quoted by FURNESS.
- 24 **address'd them,** prepared themselves.
- 27 **As, as if.** See I, iv, 11. It is no longer necessary to remark on this usage.
- 28 **Listening,** listening to.
- 37 **ravell'd, tangled.** **sleave.** sleave-silk, or floss-silk.
- 39 **second course,** the most substantial course of the feast.
- 42 It was as Glamis that Macbeth dallied with temptation. He became Cawdor later. See I, iii, 105.
- 47 **filthy witness,** blood.
- 56-57 **gild and guilt:** a play upon words. Is the pun out of harmony with the rest of the scene, or does it heighten the tragic effect?
- 62 **The multitudinous seas incarnadine.** A great line. My hand will redder the great waste of waters, wave on wave, turning

the green or blue depths into crimson. Notice here what rhetoricians call "onomatopoeia."

65 **so white**, so cowardly.

66 **retire we**, let us retire.

68-69 **Your constancy . . . unattended.** Your firmness, which was your attendant, has now abandoned you.

70 **nightgown**, dressing-gown, or house-gown.

72 **So poorly**, so wretchedly.

- (a) Has Lady Macbeth's prayer that she be unsexed been granted?
- (b) Does she drink a posset?
- (c) Does Macbeth really hear some one call at line 8?
- (d) Can you determine at what point he stabs Duncan?
- (e) What is Macbeth's state of mind after the murder?
- (f) Do the grooms really cry "murder!" "God bless us!" etc.?
- (g) Memorize lines 35-40.
- (h) What is the most tremendous incident in the scene?
- (i) What effect does the knocking have upon Macbeth?
- (j) What practical advice does Lady Macbeth give him?
- (l) What is Macbeth's state of mind at the close of the scene?
- (l) How does Shakespeare manage to win our sympathy with this scene of murder?

ACT II. SCENE III

I have omitted several lines from this scene. See page 129.

2 **old**, colloquial for *lively*.

4 **Beelzebub**, one of the devils, or one of the devil's many names.

4-5 **farmer . . . plenty**. Why should a farmer hang himself on the expectation of plenty? Perhaps because he fears that he must sell the grain he has on hand at a lower price than he expected.

5 **napkins**, handkerchiefs. **enow**, strictly the plural of *enough*.

7 **other devil's**, one of the other devils, as Belial or Abaddon.

8 **equivocator**. See *equirocate* in the dictionary. Perhaps an equivocator here=a Jesuit. See page 141.

10 **could not . . . heaven**, could not get into heaven by equivocating, for God is not to be deceived.

13 **French hose**. There were two styles of French hose: some were tight fitting, others were large and full. The allusion is apparently to the former. Wherein is the jest?

- 14 **goose.** Note the play upon the word.
- 17-18 **the primrose . . . bonfire.** See St. Matthew vii. 13.
- 19 **remember the porter,** remember the fee or gratuity.
- 22 **second cock,** towards morning, about three o'clock.
- 25 **morrow,** morning.
- 31 **physics pain,** is a cordial to trouble, or offsets the trouble.
- 33 **limited,** appointed.
- 35 **unruly,** boisterous.
- 37 **screams of death,** screams which seemed to come from persons dying.
- 39 **combustion,** tumult.
- 40 **the obscure bird,** the bird of darkness, *i.e.* the owl. See II. ii, 3.
- 41-42 **the earth . . . feverous.** The fever is of course ague-fever.
- 45-46 What is the force of the double negative here?
- 48-50 **Most sacrilegious . . . building.** What is the metaphor?
- 53 **Gorgon.** See *Gorgon* and *Perseus* in a classical dictionary, and then explain the allusion.
- 57 **death's counterfeit.** See the first meaning of *counterfeit* in Webster.
- 59 **The great doom's image,** a representation, as it were, of the Judgment Day.
- 61 **to countenance,** to be in harmony with.
- 63 **calls to parley,** calls to conference. From what is the figure taken?
- 66 **repetition,** recital.
- 72 **chance,** event.
- 74 **nothing serious in mortality,** nothing of moment in this mortal life.
- 76-77. Explain the metaphor. *Vault* is used here in two senses: the vault in which the wine is kept, and the earth under the vault of heaven.
- 83 **badged,** marked as with a badge.
- 92 **expedition,** haste, urgency.
- 94 **laced,** meaning?
- 98 **Unmannerly breech'd with gore,** unbecomingly (perhaps, hideously) clothed with blood.
- 100 **make's,** make his.
- 102 **argument,** subject, theme. L. of C.

- 104 **an auger-hole.** Treachery is everywhere, and may light on us from some unexpected place. The *auger-hole* also suggests the hole made by a dagger.
- 106 **Our tears . . . brew'd.** Emphasize *our*, in contrast with Macbeth's affected grief; *brew'd*, artificially produced.
- 108 **naked frailties.** All the characters on the stage are in their dressing-gowns.
- 110 **question,** talk over, investigate.
- 111 **Fears and scruples.** What are Banquo's fears and scruples?
- 113-114. **undivulged pretence . . . malice,** secret designs of treason. "Pretense" in Shakespeare not infrequently means "intent."
- 115 **briefly,** quickly.
manly readiness, the clothing that befits a man. *Ready* meant *clad*, as *unready* meant *half-clad*.
- 122 **There's daggers.** This use of the singular following *there* has the authority of long usage. Compare with *il y a* in French. In general there is nothing to disturb one in Shakespeare's use of a singular verb with a plural subject. Sometimes the subject is singular in idea though not in form. At other times Shakespeare uses the plural in *s*, with which from boyhood he was familiar. Note all these.
near. The old comparison of the word was *nigh*, *near*, *next*. Hence *near* is the comparative degree. The form *nearer* in the next line, which we now use, is really a double comparative, like *worser* and *lesser*, which we sometimes hear.
- 123-124 **This murderous shaft . . . lighted.** Malcolm suspects that Macbeth yet plans to murder him and his brother.
- 126 **not be dainty of leave-taking.** Let us leave Macbeth without the usual ceremonies of the parting guest.
- 127-128 **there's warrant . . . left.** Even the thief is justified in escaping when all other hope is lost.

(a) Coleridge believed (*Notes on Macbeth*) that the porter's speech, for the most part, was not written by Shakespeare. What purpose, however, does the scene serve? For a masterly defense of the scene, see *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society* for 1874, pp. 255-275. (b) What highly poetic phrase does it contain? (c) How does it

happen that Macduff and Lennox are at the gate? (d) Is there anything strange in Macbeth's appearing so suddenly when Macduff inquires after him? (e) What part does Macbeth now play, and what slips does he make? (f) Do you think that the strange things described in lines 35-42 had led Macduff and Lennox to suspect that something wrong was happening at the castle? (g) Why does Macduff call up Banquo, Donalbain, and Malcolm (line 56)? (h) With what tone of voice do you think Macduff asked "Wherefore did you so" (89)? (i) At what point of the scene is our interest at the highest pitch? (j) Lady Macbeth begins by playing a part. But does she only pretend to faint or does she faint indeed? (k) From Macbeth's conduct, what should you judge was his opinion? (l) Whither do Duncan's sons flee?

ACT II. SCENE IV

- 3 **sore**, sad and dreadful.
- 4 **Hath trifled former knowings**, has made former experiences seem trifles.
- 7 **travelling lamp**, the sun laboring on his way. *Travel* and *travail*, now distinct in meaning, were used by the Elizabethans, as here, in a combined sense; and they were spelled indifferently either way.
- 8 **Is't night's . . . shame.** Is night extending her sway into day, or has day, ashamed of man's act, concealed her face. See *predominance*, second meaning, in *Webster*.
- 12 **towering**, a term in falconry, applied to hawks that soar to a station high in the air. This high station from which the hawk swoops upon its prey was called the **place**. See the most interesting account of hawking in *The Diary of Master William Silence*, D. H. Madden, ch. xii.
- 13 **mousing owl**, an owl, which commonly preys on mice.
was hawked at, was struck at.
- 15 **the minions**, the darlings.
- 24 **pretend**, intend. See note on *pretence*, II, iii, 113.
- 24 **suborn'd**, secretly instigated.
- 28 **ravin**, devour voraciously. The word is followed by *up* or *down*.

- 31 **Scone.** See map. "The ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin [844-860], and there was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone inclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone . . . was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. . . . An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city."—KNIGHT.
- 32 **To be invested,** to be crowned.
- 33 **Colme-kill,** the kill, or cell, of St. Columba, the modern Iona. In the sixth century St. Columba came here from Ireland, and began his missionary work among the druids. In the tenth and eleventh centuries it was the burial place of the Scotch monarchs. See map.
- 36 **Fife.** See map. Macduff was thane of Fife.
thither, to Scone.
- 38 **Lest . . . new.** This line continues the thought of the previous line which had been interrupted by *adieu*.
- 40 **benison,** blessing.
 (a) What portents are described? (b) Why is Macduff so reticent? (c) To what class of men does Ross belong? (d) What is the Old Man's opinion of him? (e) Do you see any reason for this scene?

ACT III. SCENE I

- 4 **stand, stay, remain.**
- 7 **shine, shine with the luster of fulfillment.**
- 10 **Sennet,** in stage direction, a particular set of notes played by trumpets or cornets, announcing the approach of persons of high rank.
- 13 **all-thing,** wholly.
- 14 **solemn supper,** a banquet of state. See Latin *solemnitas*, a festival.
- 16 **the which,** which. What is the antecedent?
- 21 **grave and prosperous,** weighty and successful.

- 25 **the better**, very fast, at a good pace. "The better considering the distance he has to go."—CLARK AND WRIGHT.
- 29 **bloody cousins.** To whom does Macbeth refer?
- bestow'd, settled in security.
- 32 **invention**, inventions, lies.
- 33 **therewithal**, in addition to that. **cause of state**, affairs of state.
- 41–42 **to make . . . welcome.** Though the meaning is clear, the construction is not; *welcome* may be regarded as an adjective or as a noun.
- 43 **while**, as frequently in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, means here *until*. In this sense it had long been used, especially in northern England and in Scotland.
- God be with you**, now contracted into *good-by*. Write out the metrical analysis of this line.
- 47–48 To be king is nothing in itself; what is to be desired is to be *safely* on the throne.
- 49 **royalty of nature**, royal nature, noble nature.
- 50 **would**, requires to be.
- 51 **to**, in addition to.
- 54 **Whose being**, whose existence.
- 55–56 **My Genius . . . Cæsar.** Genius means good angel. Macbeth, when with Banquo, feels that he is in the presence of a greater and better man, just as Mark Antony is said by Plutarch to have felt when with Cæsar. Plutarch's words are paraphrased by Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, iii, 18–23.
- 56 **He chid the sisters.** Did he chide them? See I, iii, 57–61.
- 64 **filed, defiled.**
- 66 **rancours**, seems to include hatred and remorse.
- vessel of my peace**, peaceful soul. See Romans ix. 22–23.
- 67 **mine eternal jewel**, my immortal spirit.
- 68 **common enemy of man**, the Evil One.
- 71 **champion** = here "challenge."
- to the utterance**, the English form of *à l'outrance*, meaning "to the bitter end."
- 76 **he, i.e. Banquo.**
- 79 **pass'd in probation**, proved to you in detail.
- 80 **borne in hand**, deceived by false promises.
- 82 **notion**, understanding.

- 87 **gospell'd**, instructed in the gospels. See St. Matthew v. 44.
- 88 **To**, as to.
- 93 **Shoughs**, dogs with shaggy hair. **water-rugs**, poodles. **demi-wolves**, dogs bred between wolves and dogs. **are clept**, are called. For Shakespeare's love and knowledge of dogs, see *The Diary of Master William Silence*, D. H. Madden, chs. ii. and v.
- 94 **the valued file**, a catalogue in which dogs are set down in accordance with their qualities and uses.
- 98 **Hath in him closed**, has endowed him with.
- 99 **addition**, distinguishing title.
the bill, the catalogue, or *unvalued file*.
- 102 Read the line, expanding *worst* into a dissyllabic word.
- 106–107 While Banquo lives, I am, as it were, a sick man; but were he dead, I should be in perfect health, *i.e.* my tranquillity would be restored, and my seat on the throne assured.
- 109 **I am** reckless, I care not.
- 111 **tugg'd with fortune**, hauled about by fortune.
- 115 **bloody distance**, a figure taken from fencing, meaning Banquo is so near that his thrusts may at any moment prove mortal.
- 118 **barefaced power**, open, direct, unblushing power.
- 119 **bid my will avouch it**, give to my subjects no other reason for the deed than that it is my will.
- 121–122 **but wail . . . down**. But as a matter of policy, I must bewail the life of him whom I strike down. *Who* is objective.
- 128 **advise**, inform.
- 129 **Acquaint you**, *i.e.* I will acquaint you.
the perfect spy o' the time. This is one of the most difficult expressions in the play. "The perfect spy o' the time" may mean the most opportune time for committing the deed. Then the following "the moment on't" (the moment of the time) is repetitious or explanatory. "The perfect spy o' the time" may refer to a person who is to inform the two murderers when the attack on Banquo is to be made, *i.e.* to the third murderer, who appears in the third scene. If the latter explanation is adopted, then "the moment on't" means the moment when the murder is to be committed.
- 131 **something from**, at some distance from. *Something* is used adverbially, in the sense of *somewhat*.

131–132 **always . . . clearness**, it being always thought [kept in mind] that I require a clearness [to be kept clear from suspicion].

133 **rubs**, hindrances. The figure is taken from bowling. “When a bowl was diverted from its course by an impediment, it was said to rub.”—CLARK AND WRIGHT.

137 **Resolve yourselves**, take final counsel.

139 **straight**, straightway, immediately.

(a) What information does Macbeth get from Banquo?

(b) Why does Macbeth wish to be rid of Banquo? (c) Are the two murderers professional assassins? (d) How does Macbeth work upon them? (e) Had Macbeth spoken to them before in regard to the murder? (f) Why does not Macbeth with barefaced power sweep Banquo from his sight? (g) What is the meaning of lines 70–71?

ACT III. SCENE II

3 **attend**, await.

10 **Using**, occupying yourself with.

13 **scotch'd**, cut across on the surface.

14 **close**, gather herself up. **be herself**, be whole, be what she was before; **poor**, feeble.

16 **the frame of things**, the universal frame, the universe. **disjoint**, fall apart. **both the worlds**, heaven and earth. **suffer**, suffer death, perish. Observe the number and the place of the stressed syllables in this line.

21 **torture**, rack.

22 **ecstasy**, agony. This word once denoted emotions of pain as well as of joy.

23 **fitful fever**, intermittent fever? or mad fever?

25 **Malice domestic**, insurrections at home. **foreign levy**, foreign invasion. Illustrate in the case of Duncan.

27 **Gentle my lord**, my gentle lord, commonly so written in Shakespeare. Thus: “Gracious my lord,” “Sweet my mother.” **sleek o'er**, smooth over.

30 Pay particular attention to Banquo. Observe, in reading, *rememb[e]rance*.

- 31 **Present him eminence**, show that you regard him as the chief guest.
- 32 **Unsafe the while, that we**, being unsafe the while in that we.
The line is hopelessly corrupt. It is certainly not clear why it is unsafe to flatter Banquo. It has been suggested that we read: *One chafes the while that we*. Though it is not to be thought for a moment that Shakespeare wrote *one chafes*, yet this substitution fits the meaning of the following lines.
- 34 **vizards**, visors, masks.
- 35 **this, what?**
- 38 **But in them nature's copy's not eterne.** “The deed by which man holds life of Nature gives no right to perpetual tenure. Nature is here compared to a lord of the manor under whom men hold their lives by copyhold tenure.”—CLARK AND WRIGHT. See *copyhold* in the dictionary. What does Lady Macbeth hint at? Does Macbeth understand her?
- 41 **cloister'd flight**, flight in the cloisters.
- black Hecate's summons.** Here Hecate, the goddess of sorcery, is associated with night, the time of incantations.
- 42 **shard-borne beetle**, beetle borne on its shards, or stiff wings.
See *shard* in the dictionary.
- 43 **yawning peal**, peal conducive to yawning.
- 44 **dreadful note**, a deed that will be marked with dread.
- 45 **chuck**, chick.
- 46 **seeling.** This is a term of falconry. *To seal* is to sew up the eyelids of a hawk. The newly taken hawk was thus blinded until tamed.
- 47 **Scarf up**, cover as with a scarf. Write a metrical analysis of this line.
- 49 **that great bond**, the lives of Banquo and Fleance, leased to them by nature.
- 51 **rooky wood**, misty or gloomy wood. See Scotch *reuk*; smoke.
Perhaps, however, *rooky* means *full of rooks*.
- 53 **night's black agents**, robbers, assassins, evil spirits.
- (a) Why does Lady Macbeth inquire after Banquo? (b) Is her mind at peace? (c) What is Macbeth's great “affliction”? (d) Does he envy Duncan his death? (e) What terms of endearment does he use in addressing his wife?

(f) Is he sincere in them? (g) Why does he not tell her frankly his plans? (h) Have Macbeth and Lady Macbeth changed since the murder of Duncan, *i.e.* is there development of character? (i) What are the great lines in this scene? (j) What notable observations of nature?

ACT III. SCENE III

- 2-4 He needs . . . just. The second murderer says this to the first murderer. There is no need of distrusting the third murderer, since his directions are in perfect accord with those received from Macbeth.

6 lated = belated.

10 note of expectation, list of guests expected.

11 horses. See Introduction, p. xvii.

(a) Was the third murderer hinted at earlier (III, i, 129)?

(b) What in this scene might lead one to suspect that the third murderer is Macbeth himself in disguise? (c) At what time of day is Banquo killed? (d) Which murderer put out the torch? (e) How far does the plan of murder succeed?

ACT III. SCENE IV

1 degrees, ranks; hence, seats.

1-2 at first And last, once for all.

5 her state, chair of state, a chair with a canopy over it.

6 require, ask her to give.

9 See . . . thanks, *i.e.* observe the bows and acknowledgments of the guests.

11 large, liberal.

anon, in a moment, *i.e.* after stepping to the door.

14 'Tis better to have thee without than that he should be within. If *he* may be regarded as an objective, then the meaning is: It (the blood) is better without you, *i.e.* on your face, than within him. If the first interpretation be adopted, then the line is an aside. I prefer to consider *he* as objective. See who, line 42.

19 nonpareil, one without equal.

21 fit, ague-fit, or moods of madness. See III, ii, 23.

- 23 **casing** = encasing.
- 24 Observe the accumulation of synonyms.
- 25 **saucy**, intruding, impudent.
- 28 **The least . . . nature**, the least of which would kill a man.
- 29 **worm**, serpent, here means young serpent.
- 32 **We'll hear ourselves again**, we will talk with each other again.
- 33 **the cheer**, the welcome, the invitation to eat, drink, and be merry.
the feast is sold, as at an inn.
- 34 **vouch'd**, affirmed.
- 35 **to feed**, merely to feed.
- 36 **From thence**, away from home.
ceremony, good manners and courtesy.
- 40 **roof'd**, under this roof.
- 41 **graced**, gracious.
- 42-43 **Who . . . mischance**, whom I hope I may accuse of unkindness rather than pity for some mishap by the way.
Who is objective.
- 50-51 Whom is Macbeth addressing?
- 55 **upon a thought**, in the time it takes to think, *i.e.* in a moment.
- 57 **shall offend**, will surely annoy.
extend his passion, prolong his agitation.
- 58 **Are you a man?** To whom addressed?
- 60 **proper stuff!** excellent nonsense!
- 61 **painting of your fear**, creation of your fear.
- 63 **flaws and starts**, gusts of wind; fits of mad emotion and the consequent violent movements.
- 64 **to**, compared with.
- 66 **Authorized**, declared to be true. Note the accent *authórized*.
- 67 **faces**, grimaces.
- 72-73 **our monuments . . . maws of kites**, our tombs shall be the stomachs of kites. Hereafter Macbeth will have the corpses of his enemies eaten by kites, that they may not return to trouble him.
- 76 **humane**, as used here means both *human* and *humane*. In Shakespeare's time, the two words were spelled indifferently.
the gentle weal, the commonweal, the commonwealth conducive to order and comity.
- 81 **twenty mortal murders**, twenty deadly wounds. See line 27.

- 84 **lack**, miss.
- 85 **muse**, wonder.
- 91 **thirst**, drink.
- 92 **And all to all**, and all drink to all.
- 95 **no speculation**, no power of sight, or perhaps no light of intellect.
- 100–103 It was a current belief that spirits could assume any shape or appearance that they wished. See Scot concerning *Divils and Spirits*, ch. xvii.
- 101 **arm'd**, *i.e.* by its hard and tough hide.
- Hyrcan.** Hyrcania was a name given to a country of vague boundaries southeast of the Caspian Sea.
- 105 **If trembling I inhabit.** This is one of the most difficult lines of the play, though the general meaning is clear. We may take *inhabit* to mean *remain*, or *stay at home*. We may, perhaps, force it to mean *possess* or *occupy*. Then we have respectively “if I remain trembling,” “if trembling with fear, I stay at home,” and “if I possess trembling,” *i.e.* if I tremble. Those who think trembling is a noun, usually regard *inhabit* as an error for *inherit*, though that is not necessary.
- protest**, proclaim.
- 106 **The baby of a girl**, a weak baby, or perhaps a doll.
- 107 **Unreal mockery**, appearance without substance.
- 109 **displaced**, upset.
- 110 **most admired disorder**, disorder which awakens the greatest wonder.
- 111 **overcome**, overshadow.
- 112–113 **You make . . . I owe.** I cannot understand my own mood, etc. **disposition**, mood. **owe**, own or possess.
- 122 **It stands for what?**
- 123 **Stones . . . move.** Stones, it is said, have been known to move from the corpse of a murdered man; and thus by revealing the murder they may be said to have led to the discovery of the murderer.
- trees to speak.** Speaking trees were common in poetry and romance. See Vergil's *Aeneid*, III, 22–68; and Spenser's *Faery Queen*, I, ii, st. 31.
- 124 **Augures**, augurs or auguries, soothsayers or soothsaying.

understood relations, the hidden relations between things understood only by soothsayers; as, for example, the relations between the behavior of birds and a murder.

125 **magot-pies**, magpies. **choughs**, jackdaws. Note that all the birds mentioned are talking birds, which are represented as having betrayed murderers.

127 **at odds with**, in contention with; it is almost morning.

128 **How say'st thou, that Macduff denies**. What do you say to Macduff's denying, etc.

130 **by the way**, indirectly.

133 **betimes**, early.

138 **as go o'er**, as to go over the stream.

140 **scann'd**, by whom?

141 You are in need of sleep, the period of rest, that keeps all creatures in a normal condition.

142-144 **My strange . . . deed**. My strange self-delusion is only that fear which initiates crime; I am still lacking in that long practice in crime which hardens the mind.

142 **and joins** *strange* and *self*.

144 **deed=crime**.

- (a) How do Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conduct themselves at their first great banquet? (b) Do you now think that Macbeth was the third murderer of the preceding scene? (c) If he was, how do you account for his *asides*? (d) Does the ghost of Banquo come uninvited (see III, i, 27)? (e) What is the occasion of the ghost's return? (f) Does it speak? (g) What gestures does it make? (h) Does any one on the stage besides Macbeth see it? (i) Should, then, the ghost actually appear on the stage? (j) Can you admit that the ghost is seen by the audience and Macbeth, but not by Lady Macbeth and the guests? (k) Does Macbeth seem to have any power over the ghost? (l) Have Macbeth and Lady Macbeth the same energy of will that characterized them before the assassination of Duncan?—Discuss fully. (m) What system of espionage has Macbeth adopted for his safety? (n) Whom does he particularly fear?

ACT III. SCENE V

- 1 **angrily**, angrily.
 2 **beldams**, hags.
 7 **close**, secret.
 13 **Loves**, courts you.
 15 at the **pit of Acheron**, at the entrance to Hades.
 24 **vaporous drop profound**, a drop possessing occult properties.
 26 **sleights**, cunning contrivances.
 29 **confusion**, destruction.
 32 **security**, overconfidence.
 33 "Come away, come away," etc. This song is found in a play by Thomas Middleton, entitled *The Witch*, written some years after *Macbeth*. See *The Witch*, III, iii. The first two lines run thus:—

"Come away, come away,
 Hecate, Hecate, come away!"

- (a) Has Hecate been mentioned before? (b) In what relation does Hecate stand to the witches? (c) Why does she scold them? (d) Whither is she going and for what purpose? (e) Do you understand how the apparitions of witchcraft were believed to be produced?

ACT III. SCENE VI.

- 1-2 **have . . . further**, have been in full harmony with your own thoughts, and they (your thoughts) may expand further my meaning, *i.e.* the meaning of the lines following.
 3 **borne**, conducted.
 4 **marry**, a corruption of Mary, an oath by the Virgin Mary, here a very mild asseveration, like our "indeed."
was dead, died.
 8 **Who cannot want the thought**, who can fail to think. Observe the negative; and also *monst[e]rous*.
 10 **fact**, crime.
 19 **an**, if.
 21 **from broad words**, on account of plain-spoken words.
 24 **The son of Duncan**. Which son?
 25 **tyrant**, usurper.

- 27 **Of, by.** Edward, Edward the Confessor.
 29 **his high respect,** the high respect due him.
 30 **upon his aid,** in his aid.
 36 **faithful homage,** *i.e.* not the insincere homage we pay to a usurper. **free honours,** the honors due to freemen.
 38 **exasperate,** exasperated. The Elizabethans frequently clipped the past participles of the final *d*, if the word were of Latin origin.
 40 **absolute,** positive.
 41 **me,** an ethical dative, which adds some vivacity to the narrative.
 42 **hums,** mumbles.
as who, as if one; "who" is an indefinite pronoun.
 44 **Advise him,** warn him (Macduff).
 48–49 **suffering country Under a hand accursed,** country suffering under a hand accursed.

(a) Point out the irony in the first speech of Lennox. (b) Why is Macduff "in disgrace"? (c) What indications have we in this scene of the forces to be lined up against Macbeth?

ACT IV. SCENE I

- 1 **brinded,** brindled, streaked.
 2 **Thrice and once.** Witchcraft avoids even numbers.
hedge-pig, hedge-hog.
 3 **Harpier,** perhaps a corruption of *harpy*. This "familiar" of the third witch cries from her station in the air. So just previously the cat mewed and the hedge-hog whined. These sounds are warnings to the witches that it is time to weave the charm, for Macbeth is coming.
 6 Observe the meter. Some would expand *cold* into a dissyllable.
 8 **Swelter'd,** exuded.
 12 Slice of a snake from the fen.
 14 **newt,** small lizard.
 16 **Adder's fork,** adder's forked tongue.
blind-worm, slow worm, blind and poisonous.
 23 **Witches' mummy.** Mummy, a spiced preparation made from dead bodies, was used in Shakespeare's time as a medicine. Nothing could be more loathsome than that made from the carcasses of witches.

- 23 **maw and gulf**, stomach and gullet.
 24 **ravin'd**, ravenous.
 27 The yew, perhaps because it grows luxuriantly in churchyards,
 was regarded as uncanny and poisonous.
 28 **Sliver'd**, pulled off in slivers.
 31 **drab**, harlot.
 32 **slab**, slimy.
 33 **chaudron**, entrails.
 37 Observe the accent of *báboon's*.
 43 "Black spirits," etc. This song is found in Middleton's *Witch*,
 V, ii. The first two lines run thus:—

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"

Demons could assume any color as well as any form; they
 were commonly white, black, red, or gray.—See *Shakespeare*
Notings, appended to B. Nicholson's edition of Scot's *Dis-*
coverie.

- 44 **pricking of my thumbs.** Sensations of this kind, which could
 not be accounted for, were regarded as ominous.
 50 I call upon you by the knowledge of the future which you
 profess to have. Observe the accent on *cónjure*.
 55 **bladed corn**, corn in the blade, which only heavy winds could
 lodge.
 59 **nature's germens**, nature's germs, nature's elements.
 60 **sicken**, grow sick of its work.
 63 Who are the "masters" ?
 65 **nine farrow**, nine pigs which compose the litter. A sow not
 infrequently will eat her offspring. This act was believed
 to be the work of witchcraft. Observe the form *sweaten*.
 67–68 **Come . . . show.** This is an invocation to the apparitions
 to appear.
 68 **an armed Head**, a helmet-covered head severed from the body;
 symbolically Macbeth's own head.
 70 **say thou nought**, for speech would dissolve the spell.
 74 **harp'd my fear aright**, struck the keynote of my fear.
 76 **a bloody Child**, symbolically Macduff.
 83 **double sure**, for I will have a bond as well as a promise.
 double=doubly.

- 84 take a bond of fate, *i.e.* by slaying Macduff.
- 85 pale-hearted. What is the meaning of the epithet?
- 86 a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, symbolically Malcolm.
- 88-89 the round And top of sovereignty, the crown, the summit of sovereign power.
- 93 "Birnam Hill is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow by the riverside, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, distinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side." — KNIGHT. See map.
- On the pronunciation of *Dunsinane*, see Introduction, p. xxiv.
- 95 impress, press into service.
- 96 bodelements, prophecies.
- 100 mortal custom, custom of mortals.
- 106 noise, music.
- 111 A show, a dumb-show. The eight kings are the royal descendants of Banquo who are to rule Scotland. They are identified with the Stuarts, and thus Shakespeare pays a compliment to his king. The eighth bears a magic glass or mirror in which are seen vaguely the descendants of James the First of England.
- 117 crack of doom, the peal of thunder announcing the Last Day.
- 121 two-fold balls. James the Sixth of Scotland became, in 1603, James the First of England.
- treble sceptres, standing for England, Scotland, and Ireland, or for Great Britain, France, and Ireland; more likely for the latter.
- 122 Observe the metrical structure of this line.

- 123 **blood-bolter'd**, matted with blood, said in reference to Banquo's hair.
- 126 **amazedly**, amazed.
- 127 **sprites**, spirits. These words were spelled and probably pronounced indifferently either way.
- 130 **antic round**, quaint dance.
- 144 **anticipatest**, preventest.
- 145 **flighty**, fleeting.
- 147 **firstlings**, first offspring.
- 153 **That trace him in his line**, *i.e.* his descendants. Observe the meter.

(a) What forms are assumed by the three familiars of the witches?—See also I, i. (b) What are the ingredients of the cauldron? (c) Why are they made so loathsome? (d) What is the purpose of the mixture? (e) Does Macbeth meet the witches by accident, as in I, iii? (f) Does Shakespeare suggest the moral harmony between the witches and Macbeth? (g) Compare the prophecies of this scene with those in I, iii. (h) Is Macbeth disturbed by the three apparitions? (i) How does he like the “show of eight kings”? (j) Whence come these apparitions?—See “our masters,” line 63. (k) What indications are there of the retribution that is to follow Macbeth’s crimes? (l) What new crime does he resolve upon? (m) What leads him to the resolution?

ACT IV. SCENE II

- 4 **Our fears do make us traitors.** Our fears lead us to behave as if we were traitors. Illustrate in the case of Macduff.
- 7 **titles**, what one has a title to, possessions.
- 9 **the natural touch**, the feeling common to all creatures, as is illustrated by the “poor wren.”
- 11 **Her young ones in her nest**, her young ones being in her nest.
- 14 **coz**, diminutive of *cousin*.
- 15 **school yourself**, moderate your passion. **for**, as for.
- 17 **The fits o’ the season**, the convulsions of the time. As elsewhere in this play, we have a figure from intermittent fever.
- 19 **do not know ourselves**, *i.e.* to be traitors.

- 19-20 **when we hold . . . fear**, when we credit rumors because we fear them to be true, and yet do not know precisely what we fear.
- 22 **Each way and move**, in all directions. *More*=direction. The line is probably corrupt. It has been suggested that Shakespeare wrote: *And each way move* or *Each way we move*.
- 24-25 **Things . . . before**. The figure is taken from the wheel of Fortune. Illustrate.
- 29 **my disgrace and your discomfort**. Is Ross about to weep?
- 30 **Sirrah**, used to an inferior; here, of course, playfully.
- 34 **lime**, birdlime. See the dictionary.
- 35 **gin**, snare.
- 65 Though with your rank and condition I am perfectly acquainted.
- 66 **doubt**, fear.
- 70 **To do worse to you**, *i.e.* not to inform you of your danger. fell, deadly.
- 82 **shag-hair'd**. The First Folio has *shag-ear'd*. The murderers seem to have worn rough wigs to conceal their features. **egg**, unhatched chicken.
- 83 **Young fry of treachery**, spawn of traitors.

(a) Why has Ross come to Macduff's castle? (b) In what way does Lady Macduff regard her husband as a traitor? (c) Whence comes the messenger? (d) What are the means Shakespeare employs in this scene to awaken intense pity? (e) Why does not Shakespeare have the mother as well as the son murdered on the stage? (f) How does this crime differ from all others for which Macbeth is responsible? (g) Show how he has fallen step by step. (h) How do you now regard him?

ACT IV. SCENE III

- 3 **the mortal sword**, the sword that kills.
good, brave.
- 4 **Bestride . . . birthdom**, defend the country of our birth. The figure in *bestride* is taken from warfare. The retainer would bestride his fallen lord and defend him from attack.
- 8 **Like syllable of dolour**, like cry of grief.

- 10 **to friend**, as a friend, or friendly.
12 **whose sole name**, whose name alone.
15–16 **wisdom To offer up**, it would be wisdom to offer up.
19–20 **may recoil In an imperial charge**, may swerve from the right
when the commands of a king are laid upon him. From
what is the metaphor taken?
21 **transpose**, change, *i.e.* good into evil, or evil into good.
24 **still look so**, *i.e.* still look as grace looks.
I have lost my hopes, for Macduff expected a different recep-
tion.
25 **even there**, *i.e.* in abandoning wife and child, as is explained
in what follows.
26 **rawness**, hurry.
27 **motives**. The word here refers to wife and child, motives to
keep Macduff in Scotland.
29–30 **Let not . . . safeties**. I am suspicious (jealous), not that
I may dishonor you but that I may guard myself.
33 **wear thou thy wrongs**. For what or for whom does *thou* stand?
34 **affeer'd**, confirmed, or settled. See the dictionary.
43 **gracious England**, the gracious king of England, Edward the
Confessor.
48 **more sundry ways**, in more various ways.
49 **What should he be?** What kind of man must he be?
51 **particulars**, forms.
52 **open'd**, unfolded, like buds or leaves.
55 **confineless**, boundless.
55–57 **Not in the legions . . . Macbeth**. Among the multitudes
of devils and lost souls, there is no being who excels Macbeth
in iniquity.
58 **Luxurious**, lascivious.
59 **Sudden**, of violent temper.
64 **continent**, constraining.
66–67 **Boundless . . . tyranny**. Boundless self-indulgence of the
passions common to all human beings is a usurpation, for it
dethrones the will.
71 **Convey**, obtain secretly.
72 **so hoodwink**, so blind.
77 **ill-composed affection**, monstrous propensities.
80 **his jewels**, this one's jewels.

- 82 **forge**, fabricate.
- 84-86 **This avarice . . . lust.** Lust, like the heat of summer, comes and goes; but avarice permeates and vitiates the whole moral nature.
- 88 **foisons**, plenteous crops.
- 89 **Of your mere own**, of what is wholly your own. **portable**, durable.
- 90 When counterpoised with good qualities. Observe the use of *other*.
- 92 **verity**, truthfulness. **temperance**, self-restraint.
- 93 Notice the accent, *perséverance*.
- 94 **Devotion**, piety.
- 95 **relish**, flavor.
- 96 In the division of each several crime, in the subdivisions of each several crime.
- 99 **Uproar**, drown in uproar. **confound**, throw into confusion.
- 104 **bloody-scepter'd**, with the blood of his king and subjects on his scepter.
- 105 **wholesome days**, days of health and peace.
- 107 **interdiction.** The allusion is to the interdict or the decree issued by the Pope against those who disobey his commands. By his own confession, Malcolm has issued such a decree against himself.
- 108 **blaspheme**, slander. **breed**, lineage, ancestors.
- 112 **repeat'st**, recitest.
- 118 **trains**, deceitful ways.
- 125 **For strangers**, as strangers, as foreign.
- 126 **never was forsworn**, never was guilty of perjury.
- 135 **at a point**, fully equipped
- 136-137 **the chance of goodness . . . quarrel!** May our good fortune equal the justice of our cause!
- 142 **stay**, await. **convinces**, overcomes.
- 143 **The great assay of art**, the greatest efforts of the skilled physician.
- 145 **presently**, at once.
- 146 **the evil**, scrofula, called "the king's evil," because it was believed to be cured by the touch of the king. Edward the Confessor is reputed to have performed these marvelous cures. Of later sovereigns, James I. frequently touched

- for the disease, and the practice was continued by Charles I., Charles II., and Queen Anne.
- 149 **solicits heaven**, gains the favor of heaven.
- 150 **strangely-visited**, strangely afflicted. Disease was regarded as a visitation of heaven.
- 152 **mere despair**, utter despair.
- 153 **golden stamp**, a stamped coin of gold.
- 156 **With**, besides.
- 159 **That speak him full of grace**, that proclaim him in special favor with heaven.
- 167 **But who knows nothing**, except in the case of those who know nothing of what is going on.
- 169 **not mark'd**, not observed, as they are so common.
- 170–171 **the dead . . . for who**. For whom the knell is ringing there is hardly an inquiry. Observe that *who* is objective.
- 172 **flowers in their caps [wither]**.
- 173 **or ere**, variants of the Anglo-Saxon *ær*, meaning *before*.
- 173–174 **O, relation . . . true!** O, tale, too fancifully minute, and yet too true!
- 175 **doth hiss the speaker**, for it is already stale.
- 176 **teems**, gives birth to.
- 177 Observe the use of *well*.
- 183 **that were out**, that were in the field against Macbeth.
- 184 **witness'd the rather**, further attested.
- 185 **For that**, because.
- 191 **none**, there is none.
- 195 **latch**, catch.
- 196–197 **a fee-grief Due to some single breast**, a grief to be rendered to one person only. A *fee-grief* is a grief in fee simple, one's own grief. The figure is taken from absolute ownership of land, *i.e.* ownership in fee simple.
- 197 **No mind**, there is no mind.
- 202 **possess them with**, make them acquainted with.
- 206 **quarry**. “Derived, like most terms of venery, from Norman French, it originally signified the square (*carré*), whither the slaughtered deer were brought when the chase was over for the purpose of being viewed and broken up. . . . The word was next applied to a heap of slaughtered game, such

as was collected in the quarry."—*The Diary of Master William Silence*, p. 246.

- 210 **Whispers**, same as the present "whispers to." **o'er-fraught**, overburdened.
- 212 **And I must be from thence!** And I was compelled to be away!
- 216 **He**, *i.e.* Macbeth.
- 220 **Dispute it like a man**, strive against your grief like a man.
- 225 **naught**, worthless.
- 229 **Convert**, turn.
- 232 **intermission**, delay.
- 237 **Our lack . . . leave.** All that is now wanting is to take leave of the king.
- 238–239 **the powers . . . instruments.** the heavenly powers are now setting to work their instruments of retribution. Notice the meter of line 239.

(a) Why should Malcolm fear Macduff? (b) What motive has he for misrepresenting himself? (c) What are "the king-becoming virtues"? (d) By what means does Malcolm recognize Ross as his countryman (160)? (e) What is the state of Scotland as reported by Ross? (f) How does Ross break the awful news to Macduff? (g) What noble attribute does Macduff possess? (h) What rhetorical passages in this scene? (i) Why is the scene so long? (j) Does any passage seem to have been written as a compliment to James the First?

ACT V. SCENE I

- 3 **into the field.** See IV, iii, 185.
- 4 **nightgown**, dressing-gown.
- 9 **effects**, actions. **watching**, waking.
- 18 **stand close**, remain concealed.
- 23 **sense**, perception, ability to see things.
- 29 **Yet . . . spot.** After all my rubbing, a spot remains.
- 42 **Go to**, as used here, an exclamation of reproach.
you, *i.e.* Lady Macbeth.
- 49 **charged**, oppressed.
- 50–51 **for the dignity of the whole body**, for all the dignity of Lady Macbeth the Queen.

- 53 Pray God it be [well].
- 59 on's, on his. As must have been noticed, Shakespeare frequently uses *on* where we should now use *of*.
- 71 means of all annoyance, all means of harm, i.e. of committing suicide.
- 72 still, ever.
- 73 mated, bewildered. "The word [mate], originally used at chess, from the Arabic *sháh mút*, 'the king is dead,' whence our 'check-mate,' became common in one form or other in almost all European languages."—CLARK AND WRIGHT.

- (a) In what scene did Lady Macbeth last appear? (b) Did she have any part in planning the murder of Lady Macduff?
- (c) Why does she walk in her sleep? (d) When did she begin this sleep walking? (e) Why does she write upon paper, etc. (5–6)? (f) Why does she want a light by her at night? (g) In lines 32–37, what scene is she living over in her dreams? (h) *No more o' that . . . this starting* (40–41),—what is she thinking of? (i) In lines 57–59, what is she recalling? (j) And what in lines 61–63?
- (k) What is her most intense expression of remorse? (l) Do we feel pity for Lady Macbeth in this scene? (m) Was the gentlewoman aware of the cause of Lady Macbeth's walking? (n) Why is she unwilling to repeat what her mistress has said on former occasions? (o) Was the Doctor aware of a report that Duncan and Banquo had been murdered? (p) At what point in the scene is he assured of the crimes?

ACT V. SCENE II

- 1 power, army.
- 2 His uncle Siward, earl of Northumberland. Duncan, according to the history current in Shakespeare's time, married a daughter of Siward. Hence the great earl was Malcolm's grandfather. Shakespeare loosely calls him uncle.
- 3 Revenges, each having a different cause of revenge. See *loves*, III, i, 121.
dear causes, the causes which come nearest home to the heart of each.

- 4 the bleeding and the grim alarm, the alarm announcing blood and horror.
- 5 Excite the mortified man, awaken the dead.
- 8 file, muster-roll.
- 10 unrough, beardless.
- 11 protest, proclaim, as in III, iv, 105.
- 12 For the pronunciation of *Dunsinane*, see Introduction, p. xxiv.
- 13 lesser, less. This double comparative still has the authority of good usage. See also I, iii, 65.
- 15-16 He cannot hold together his disorganized party.
- 18 minutely revolts, revolts springing up every minute.
faith-breach, breach of faith, usurpation of the throne.
- 19 in command, when commanded.
- 20 Nothing, not at all.
- 23 pester'd, ever troubled.
- 27 medicine, French *médecin*, physician, i.e. Malcolm.
weal, commonweal, commonwealth.
- 30 To dew, to bedew, to freshen. The word *sorereign* seems to have been suggested by the metaphor in the lines just above. A sovereign remedy was a common expression, meaning the most potent remedy.
- (a) What definite news have we now of the forces in array against Macbeth? (b) In the scene before this where was Macbeth reported to be? (c) Where is he now? (d) How well is he succeeding in holding together an army? (e) What is the purpose of this scene?

ACT V. SCENE III

- 1 them, the thanes.
- 3 taint, become infected.
- 5 All mortal consequences, all that will happen to mortals.
What is the case of me?
- 8 epicures. See the word in the dictionary. The Scotch, who lived much more simply than the English, naturally looked upon their neighbors as epicures.
- 9 The mind I sway by, the mind by which I am directed.
- 11 loon, rogue.
- 12 goose look, cowardly pale face.

- 13 Observe *is*, preceded by *there* and followed by a plural subject.
See II, iii, 122.
- 14 **over-red**, redder.
- 15 **lily-liver'd**. The liver was regarded as the seat of courage.
In cowards it was white, or bloodless.
- patch, fool.
- 16 **linen cheeks**, white as linen.
- 17 **Are counsellors to fear**, awaken fear.
- 20 **push**, assault.
- 21 **disseat**, unseat.
- 22 **my way of life**, "my course of life" or simply "my life."
- 23 **sear**, dry, withered.
- 28 **poor**, troubled. **deny**, refuse.
- 35 **moe**, more. **skirr**, scour.
- 42 **Raze out**, efface.
- 43 **oblivious antidote**, antidote producing forgetfulness.
- 44 Note the quibble.
- 48 **staff**, the general's baton.
- 50 **Come, sir, dispatch**. To whom is Macbeth speaking?
cast, diagnose.
- 52 **purge**, cleanse by medicine.
- 58 **it**, a part of his armor pulled off in line 54. To whom is
Macbeth speaking?
- 59 **bane**, ruin, destruction.

- (a) What awakens Macbeth to violence of word and action?
(b) Show in detail how his mood changes through the scene.
(c) In what lines does he become eloquent? (d) Is he still
brave in the face of danger? (e) What is the appearance
of the servant? (f) What means "Therein the patient
must Minister to himself" (45-46)? (g) Does Macbeth
apply this observation to himself? (h) Macbeth can no
longer look for help from his wife and his followers. On
what, however, does he still rely?

ACT V. SCENE IV

- 2 **That chambers will be safe**, in which our homes will be safe.
nothing, in no respect.
- 5 **shadow**, keep unseen.

- 6 **discovery**, *i.e.* the scouts.
 9 **Keeps still**, continues to remain.
 10 **Our setting down before't**, our investment of it. Note *setting*, as an intransitive verb.
 11 For when an opportunity is given them.
 12 **Both more and less**, persons of all classes.
 14-15. **Let our . . . event.** For proof of their correctness, let our opinions await the issue, *i.e.* let us stop talking and make ready to fight.
 18 What our credits and our debits are, how our books stand.
 19 The hopes to which our thoughts give utterance are not to be trusted. Write out a metrical analysis of this line.
 20 The decisive issue must be determined by blows.
 (a) In what way is the prophecy of the witches beginning to be fulfilled? (b) Why do Macduff and Siward check Malcolm?

ACT V. SCENE V

- 5 Were not the English reënforced by my own thanes.
 6 **dareful**, *i.e.* in the open field.
 10 **cool'd**, congealed.
 11 **fell of hair**, scalp and hair.
 12 **dismal treatise**, such as a ghost story.
 13 **As**, as if.
 15 **start**, startle.
 17 **She should have died hereafter.** Were she not dead now, she must have died hereafter. It's all one.
 18 **such a word**, *i.e.* the announcement of her death.
 20 Observe the subject of *creeps*.
 21 **recorded time**, time represented by the record of events.
 22-23 **And all . . . dusty death.** Shakespeare may be thinking of the torch leading the procession of the dead to the dark and dusty crypt. There is the further thought that our life ends in a return to dust.
 24 Write a metrical analysis of this line.
 25 **frets, chafes**.
 37 **this three mile.** This is an anomalous expression, surviving from the English of an earlier time. *Mile* is really a plural,

and *this* is the neuter singular. See the declension of the Anglo-Saxon *mil* and *ðes*.

- 40 **cling thee**, shrivel thee up.
sooth, truth.
42 **pull in**, rein in.
43 **equivocation**, ambiguous utterances.
50 And wish the well-ordered world were thrown into confusion.
51 **wrack**, wreck.
52 **harness**, armor.

(a) What is the state of Macbeth's mind when the scene opens? (b) What do you regard as the cause of Lady Macbeth's death? (c) How is Macbeth affected by it? Does he display any grief or affection? What is the purport of his moralizing? (d) What news is brought by the messenger? (e) How does Macbeth now look upon the witches?—Compare line 43 with V, iii, 1–10.

ACT V. SCENE VI

- 2 **show**, appear.
4 **our first battle**, the first division of our army.
6 **order**, plan.
What disposition does Malcolm make of his army?

ACT V. SCENE VII

- 1–2 Macbeth likens himself to a bear being worried. Bear-baiting was a common sport in Shakespeare's time. The bear was fastened to a stake, and baited, or harassed, by dogs in successive relays. Each attack was called a *course*. See *The Diary of Master William Silence*, pp. 369–370.
17 **kerns** applied here to the soldiers in Macbeth's army. See I, ii, 13.
18 **staves**, spear-shafts.
either thou. Complete the clause with "must meet me."
20 **undeeded**, unused, *i.e.* without slaughter.
22 **bruited**, noised, announced. Note the number of accents in the line.
24 **gently render'd**, surrendered with no resistance from the garrison.

28-29 **foes That strike beside us**, “foes that fight on our side;” or, perhaps, “foes that intentionally strike amiss.”

(a) In the first hand-to-hand contest who wins? (b) What is Macduff's sole determination? (c) How was the castle taken?

ACT V. SCENE VIII

- 1 play the **Roman fool**, *i.e.* commit suicide like Brutus or Cato.
- 2 **lives**, living foes.
- 9 **intrenchant air**, air that cannot be cut or that leaves no trace of the cut.
- 12 **charmed life**, a life secure from harm. Macbeth so interpreted the prediction of the witches.
which must not yield, which is destined not to yield.
- 13 **Despair**, despair of.
- 14 **angel**, fallen angel, hence evil spirit. Among the current names of the devil were “the cruel angel,” “the angel of Satan,” and “the angel of hell.” — SCOT, *Divils and Spirits*, ch. xx.
- 18 **my better part of man**, the better part of my manhood, *i.e.* my courage.
- 20 **palter**, equivocate.
- 21 **to our ear**, as regards the mere words.
- 22 **to our hope**, as regards what we hope.
- 24 **gaze**, spectacle.
- 26 **Painted upon a pole**, on cloth raised aloft on a pole.
underwrit, underwritten.
- 32 **the last**, the last throw against fate.
- 34 **him** may be regarded as in the nominative case. The confusion in the use of the nominative and the accusative was frequent in the sixteenth century, and should in no way trouble the student. Certain of these forms have survived in good usage, as “It is me,” and “Between you and I.” *Him* may, however, be explained as an accusative, the expression being a shortened form of “Let him be damn'd.”
- 35 **we miss**, do not see here.
- 36 **go off**, die.
by these I see, judging by the number I see.

- 40 **only lived but**, emphatic for *lived but*.
41 Observe the meter. Slur the *e* in *prowess*.
42 **the unshrinking station**, the station from which he did not shrink.
52 **parted well**, died nobly.
score, debt to nature.
54 **behold, where stands**, *i.e.* upon a pike.
55 **the time is free**, the day of freedom from tyranny has come.
56 **pearl**, used collectively for nobles; perhaps suggested by the pearls in the crown.
57 Who speak in their minds my congratulations.
61 **your several loves**, the loyal affection each of you has shown me.
66 **our exiled friends abroad**, our friends in exile.
68 **Producing forth**, bringing from their hiding places.

(a) Does Macbeth at the opening of this scene think seriously of suicide? (b) What deters him from suicide? (c) In what lines does he express remorse? and for what? (d) At what point is he wholly disillusioned? (e) In what spirit does he begin the combat with Macduff? (f) Is Shakespeare's management of his death more impressive than it would have been had Macduff slain him in view of the audience? (g) What rumor was there in regard to the manner of Lady Macbeth's death? (h) Do you believe the rumor to have been true? (i) How is young Siward's death regarded by Ross and by the boy's father? (j) In what manner does Malcolm reward his faithful thanes? (k) What is Shakespeare's manner of representing a battle on the stage?

TOPICS FOR STUDY

Now after finishing this tragedy, there is a place for studies on the plot and the characters, on the sources whence the incidents were derived, and on the probable date of the first performance of *Macbeth* at the Globe Theater. The following observations on these topics lay no claim to completeness; their purpose is to suggest something for the student to work out for himself.

I. THE PLOT

The various literary forms whose subject-matter is fictitious incident, differ from one another in the manner of presentation. The epic poem was originally a piece to be recited; it implied a rhapsodist and an audience. The novel is addressed to the silent reader. In the drama, a story is unfolded before our eyes: events, though really of the past, are represented as taking place now, and the characters become the actors whom we see. From these different ways of telling a story follow certain corollaries in respect to plot. Slight inconsistencies in structure are not easily discernible in the epic and in the novel; for when the end is reached, we have forgotten the numerous details of the beginning. But in the drama, which we follow scene by scene on the stage, anything awry is detected at once, and almost as easily as a defect in the figure or in the reasoning of a geometrical proposition, which we grasp at a glance.

Though you have read *Macbeth* much as you would read any other piece of literature,—for the habit of reading has confounded all forms,—you have probably kept in imagination the stage and the actors coming and going. How carefully the play is put together you cannot fail to notice, if you think of it in contrast with some of the novels with which you are familiar. The sequence of its incidents possesses the rigidity of logic.¹

¹ And yet this is not true of every detail. What scenes or parts of scenes contribute nothing to the action? Why, then, are they introduced? Perhaps, too, there are real inconsistencies in the statements of different characters.—See I, ii, 52–66; I, iii, 72–75 and 108–116.

Moreover, the plot of a drama is simpler than that of other literary kinds. The dramatist, in the two or three hours granted him, must select the most important incidents—called **dramatic moments**—in the career of his hero and bring them to the front, leaving to his audience to fill in by his suggestions what takes place in the intervals. Thus the reign of Macbeth, according to the chronology followed by Shakespeare, covered seventeen years. Shakespeare, in making a drama out of it, brushed aside many events, confining himself to those which bore some relation to the assassination of Duncan; and even of these, he could not present all. The main dramatic moments of the play are Macbeth's temptation by the witches, his subsequent meeting with his wife, the murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the appearance of the ghost, the slaughter of Lady Maeduff and her son, and the death grapple between Macbeth and Maeduff. What comes between them is in the way of explaining how these events happen.

The simpler the plot, the more effective it is on the stage. It was Shakespeare's custom, as in *The Merchant of Venice*, to weave together deftly two or more stories, and to carry along with them scenes of low comedy to please the rabble in the yard. *Macbeth* here differs from the rest. It has but **one plot**, and interest is focused on a few characters. It contains but one comic scene—the Porter at the gate. For introducing this scene, Shakespeare has often been praised, on the ground that it furnishes a relief to the horror of the assassination. This is undoubtedly its effect on critics and philosophers; and yet it is, I think, nothing more than the vulgar interlude demanded by the Elizabethan audience. But for it, the drama preserves throughout perfect unity of tone. Without it, the knocking would be equally impressive.

Because of this simplicity and unity of plot, the play is, of all Shakespeare's tragedies, **the most rapid in its movement**. Macbeth is tempted to the murder of Duncan, and with a bound Shakespeare brings him to the deed. Banquo must be put out of the way; the hint is followed by the plan and its execution. Macbeth is told that the thane of Fife has fled to England; and he at once resolves on the murder of Macduff's kin. In the next scene, the assassins are on the stage. The retribution is equally swift. Macbeth has no sooner gained the throne than he is afflicted with terrible dreams that shake him nightly. He is soon

besieged in his castle, and a few minutes later Macduff enters, bearing the head of the usurper. The drama is the work of genius at a white heat, and as such it should be compared with the subtle elaboration of *Hamlet*.

For studying more in detail the action of a play, it is convenient to divide it into five logical sections, which do not correspond to the five acts; namely, the introduction, the rising action, the climax, the falling action, and the catastrophe.

The **introduction** explains the situation. In *Macbeth* it consists of the first two scenes. The first scene brings us at once into the mystical atmosphere which is to pervade the entire play. The second scene describes the brave deeds of Macbeth, the man who is to yield to supernatural solicitings.

The **rising action** begins with the next scene and extends to the third scene of the third act. Macbeth, returning from his victories, is tempted to try for the throne, and in the attainment of this aim he is spurred on by the witches and Lady Macbeth. At length he accomplishes his main purpose.

The **climax** is the turning point in the play; that is, the place where the reaction sets in against the hero. It is sometimes called "the dramatic center." In this play it occurs in the third scene of the third act, where Fleance escapes. Macbeth has thus not fully gained what he was striving for. Distracted by fears and hallucinations, he loses (III. iv) his self-control; and at this point we know he is doomed. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

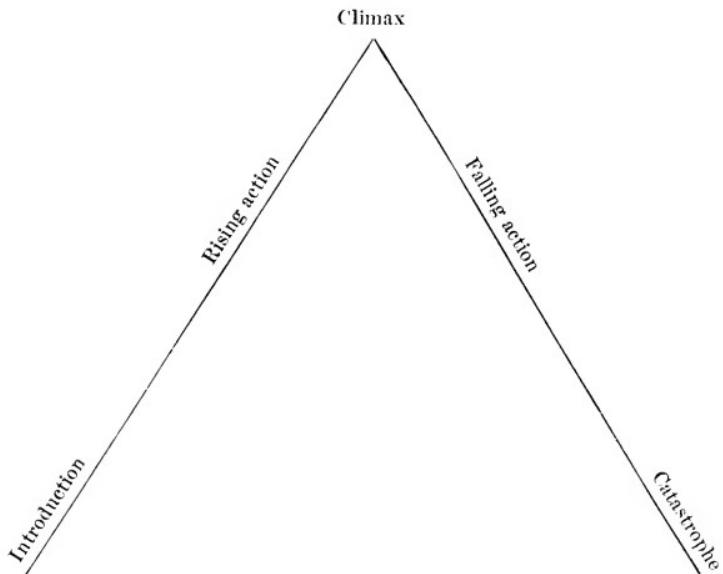
The **falling action** runs with little interruption from the banquet to the end of the play. Characters that in the first scenes were kept in the background, now come to the front.—Malcolm and Macduff, in whom is embodied the retribution.

One of the most noticeable things about the falling action in *Macbeth* is Shakespeare's careful preparation for it. Many a drama and many a novel have been utterly spoiled by improbable or impossible occurrences. But says Schiller, "A dexterous use of accident in art, as well as in life, often brings about what is excellent." So skillfully has Shakespeare employed chance in the first half of the play, that perhaps we did not notice the incidents. Macbeth murders Duncan. What more natural than that Malcolm should flee to England for protection and aid? Banquo is

killed. What more natural than that one of the murderers in his fright should put out the torch, and that Fleance, from whom is to proceed a line of kings, should conceal himself in the darkness? The first accident prepares the way for the English invasion; the second frustrates all of Macbeth's plans for holding the throne. The one works outwardly: the other inwardly and psychologically; and both together make for Macbeth's ruin.

The catastrophe is the tragic end. *Macbeth*, like *Romeo and Juliet*, has a double catastrophe,—the death of Lady Macbeth and the fall of Macbeth. In the former case there is no violence. The woman who planned the murder of Duncan, breaks down under the strain of remorse, walks in her sleep, and dies. Macbeth falls in mortal combat with Macduff, the man whom he has most nearly wronged. The drama has now played itself nearly out. Malcolm is proclaimed king, and Scotland is once more in repose.

The structure thus outlined may be represented by diagram:—



II. THE CHARACTERS

The characters in most novels and plays remain the same throughout. We may be hurried on from incident to incident, but the men and women at the close are the very ones we became acquainted with at the beginning. As we turn page after page, we may, it is true, come to know more about them; but that is all. There is, we say, no development of character; that is, events work no inward changes. To depict this psychological movement, which we all know takes place in real life, is high art. We have it usually in Thackeray and in George Eliot, and always in the great creations of Shakespeare. For example, the Lady Macbeth who, in the seventh scene of the first act, taunts her husband for his cowardice, could not have done so, in her mental and moral state at the close of the fourth scene of the third act. Again, the Macbeth who is described to us by the Sergeant and Ross in the second scene of the first act, could not have planned the slaughter of Lady Macduff and her son. There was only one time when he was quite capable of such a deed, and that was at the close of the first scene in the fourth act.

Take up the play in each scene where Macbeth and Lady Macbeth appear, and notice in what respects they have changed since they last appeared on the stage. Extend your studies to Banquo and Macduff. Determine the former's relation to Macbeth, observing how Shakespeare keeps him always a man, never making of him a faultless monster such as most writers make of the good character.¹ And then notice how in the last part of the play Macduff is awakened to terrible energy of will.

III. SHAKESPEARE AND HOLINSHED

The incidents of *Macbeth* were taken from what once passed for history. In the first years of Elizabeth's reign, some London printers undertook a history of the world, employing for the compilation one Raphael Holinshed. The outcome, which fell short of the plan, was the *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, which appeared in 1577. The work, enlarged by other hands, was

¹ For an excellent essay on Banquo, see *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society* for 1875-76, pp. 200-205.

again printed in 1587. This latter edition, it is probable, was the one used by Shakespeare. Here he found the career of Macbeth, the outlines of which he followed in the main. But Holinshed gave a meager account of Duncan's death; and so for a murder scene Shakespeare had to look elsewhere. Turning back a few pages in the *Chronicle of Scotland*, he came to the details of the assassination of King Duff, a predecessor of Duncan; and he took the most dramatic of them. That it may be seen how Shakespeare dramatized history, I quote that part of Holinshed which covers the first act of the play and a little besides—down to the death of Duncan. The extract is from the London reprint of 1588. The student should notice what incidents Shakespeare appropriated and what he left, to what extent he compressed events, and particularly in what way he modified Banquo's relation to Macbeth.

After Malcolme succéeded his nephue Duncane the sonne of his daughter Beatrice: for Malcolme had two daughters, the one which was this Beatrice, being giuen in mariage vnto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and thane of the Iles and west parts of Scotland, bare of that mariage the foresaid Duncane; the other called Doada, was maried vnto Sinell the thane of Glammis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not béene somewhat cruell of nature, might haue béene thought most woorthie the gouernement of a realme. On the other part, Duncane was so soft and gentle of nature, that the people wished the inclinations and maners of these two cousins to haue béene so tempered and interchangeable bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much of clemencie, and the other of craultie, the meane vertue betwixt these two extremities might haue reigned by indifferent partition in them both, so should Duncane haue proued a woorthie king, and Makbeth an excellent capteine. The beginning of Duncans reigne was verie quiet and peaceable, without anie notable trouble; but after it was perceiued how negligent he was in punishing offendors, manie misruled persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common-wealthe, by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

Banquo the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of lineage hath now for a long time inioied the crowne of Scotland, euen till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpe lie such as were notorious offendors, be-

ing assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much a doo to get awaie with life, after he had receiued sundrie grieuous wounds amongst them. Yet escaping their hands, after hee was somewhat recouered of his hurts, and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offendors were sent for by a sergeant at armes, to appeare to make answer vnto such matters as should be laid to their charge: but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked deed, after they had misused the messenger with sundrie kinds of reproches, they finallie slue him also.

Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanor against the kings regall authoritie, they shold be inuaded with all the power the king could make, Makdowald one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacie with his neerest friends and kinsmen, tooke vpon him to be chiefe capteine of all such rebels as would stand against the king, in maintenance of their grieuous offenses latelie committed against him. Manie slanderous words also, and railing tants this Makdowald vttered against his prince, calling him a faint-hearted milkesop, more meet to gouerne a sort of idle moonks in some cloister, than to haue the rule of such valiant and hardie men of warre as the Scots were. He vsed also such subtil persuasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had gotten togither a mightie power of men: for out of the westerne Iles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious quarell, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses, offering gladlie to serue vnder him, whither it should please him to lead them.

Makdowald thus hauing a mightie puissance about him, encountered with such of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhaber, and discomfiting them, by mere force tooke their capteine Malcolme, and after the end of the battell smote off his head. This ouerthrow being notified to the king, did put him in woorderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlike affaires. Calling therefore his nobles to a councell, he asked of them their best aduise for the subduing of Makdowald & other the rebels. Here, in sundrie heads (as euer it happeneth) were sundrie opinions, which they vttered according to euerie man his skill. At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slacknesse in punishing offendors, whereby they had such time to assemble togither, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquo, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished & quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them should be found to make resistance within the countrie.

And euen so it came to passe: for being sent foorth with a new

power, at his entring into Lochquhaber, the fame of his comming put the enimies in such feare, that a great number of them stale secretlie awaie from their capteine Makdowald, who neuerthelesse inforced thereto, gane battell vnto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him: but being ouercome, and fleeing for refuge into a castell (within the which his wife & children were inclosed) at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold anie longer against his enimies, nor yet vpon surrender be suffered to depart with life saued, héé first slue his wife and chil-
dren, and lastlie himselfe, least if he had yeelded simplie, he should hause béene executed in most cruell wise for an example to other. Makbeth entring into the castell by the gates, as then set open, found the carcasse of Maedowald lieng dead there amongst the residue of the slaine bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no peece of his cruell nature with that pitifull sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and set vpon a poles end, and so sent it as a present to the king who as then laie at Bertha. The headlesse trunke he commanded to bée hoong vp vpon an high paire of gallows.

Them of the westerne Iles suing for pardon, in that they had aided Makdowald in his tratorous enterprise, he fined at great sums of monie: and those whome he tooke in Lochquhaber, being come thither to beare armor against the king, he put to execution. Hervpon the Ilandmen conceiued a deadlie grudge towards him, calling him a couenant-breaker, a bloudie tyrant, & a cruell murtherer of them whome the kings mercie had pardoned. With which reprochfull words Makbeth being kindled in wrathfull ire against them, had passed ouer with an armie into the Iles, to hane taken reuenge vpon them for their liberall talke, had he not béene otherwise persuaded by some of his friends, and partlie pacified by gifts presented vnto him on the behalfe of the Ilandmen, seeking to auoid his displeasure. Thus was justice and law restored againe to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediatlie wherevpon woord came that Sueno king of Norway was arriued in Fife with a puissant armie, to subdue the whole realme of Scotland. . .

The cruytiale of this Sueno was such, that he neither spared man, woman, nor child, of what age, condition or degréé soeuer they were. Whereof when K. Duncane was certified, he set all slouthfull and lingering delaies apart, and began to assemble an armie in most spéedie wise, like a verie valiant capteine: for oftentimes it happeneth, that a dull coward and slouthfull person, constreined by necessitie, becommeth verie hardie and actiue. Therefore when his whole power was come togither, he diuided the same into thŕe battels. The first was led by Makbeth, the second by Banquo, & the king himselfe gouerned in the maine battell or middle ward, wherein were appointed to attend and wait vpon his person the most part of all the residue of the Scotish nobilitie.

The armie of Scotishmen being thus ordered, came vnto Culros, where encountering with the enimies, after a sore and cruell foughten battell, Sueno remained victorious, and Malcolme with his Scots discomfited. Howbeit the Danes were so broken by this battell, that they were not able to make long chase on their enimies, but kept themselues all night in order of battell, for doubt least the Scots assembling togither againe, might haue set vpon them at some aduantage. On the morrow, when the fields were discouered, and that it was perceiued how no enimies were to be found abrode, they gathered the spoile, which they diuided amongst them, according to the law of armes. Then was it ordeined by commandement of Sueno, that no souldier should hurt either man, woman, or child, except such as were found with weapon in hand readie to make resistance, for he hoped now to conquer the realme without further bloudshed.

But when knowledge was giuen how Duncane was fled to the castell of Bertha, and that Makbeth was gathering a new power to withstand the incursions of the Danes, Sueno raised his tents, & comming to the said castell, laid a strong siege round about it. Duncane seeing himselfe thus enironed by his enimies, sent a secret message by counsell of Banquo to Makbeth, commanding him to abide at Inchcuthill, till he heard from him some other newes. In the meane time Duncane fell in fained communication with Sueno, as though he would haue yeelded vp the castell into his hands, vnder certeine conditions, and this did he to drive time, and to put his enimies out of all suspicion of anie enterprise ment against them, till all things were brought to passe that might serue for the purpose. At length, when they were fallen at a point for rendring vp the hold, Duncane offered to send foorth of the castell into the campe greate prouision of vittels to refresh the armie, which offer was gladlie accepted of the Danes, for that they had béene in great penurie of sustenance manie daies before.

The Scots héereypon tooke the iuice of mekilwoort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and bread, sending it thus spiced & confectioned, in great abundance vnto their enimies. They reioising that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and drinking after such greedie wise, that it seemed they stroue who might denoure and swallow vp most, till the operation of the berries spread in such sort through all the parts of their bodies, that they were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in manner it was vnpossible to awake them. Then foorthwith Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, commanding him with all diligence to come and set vpon the enimies, being in easie point to be ouercome. Makbeth making no delaie, came with his people to the place, where his enimies were lodged, and first killing the watch, afterwards entered the campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance, that it was a woorderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heauie of

slēepe, that the most part of them were slaine and neuer stirred: other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies foorth, were so amazed and dizzie headed ypon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense: so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie.

The most part of the mariners, when they heard what plentie of meate and drinke the Scots had sent vnto the campe, came from the sea thither to be partakers thereof, and so were slaine amongst their fellowes: by meanes whereof when Sueno perceiued how through lacke of mariners he should not be able to conueie awaie his nauie, he furnished one ship throughlie with such as were left, and in the same sailed backe into Norwaie, cursing the time that he set forward on this infortunate iournie. The other ships which he left behind him, within three daies after his departure from thence, were tossed so togither by violence of an east wind, that beating and rushing one against another, they sunke there, and lie in the same place euen vnto these daies, to the great danger of other such ships as come on that coast: for being couered with the floud when the tide commeth, at the ebbing againe of the same, some part of them appéere aboue water.

The place where the Danish vessels were thus lost, is yet called Drownelow sands. This ouerthrow receiued in manner afore said by Sueno, was verie displeasant to him and his people, as should appéere, in that it was a custome manie yeeres after, that no knights were made in Norwaie, except they were first sworne to reuenge the slaughter of their countrymen and friends thus slaine in Scotland. The Scots hauing woone so notable a victorie, after they had gathered & diuided the spoile of the field, caused solemne processions to be made in all places of the realme, and thanks to be giuen to almighty God, that had sent them so faire a day ouer their enimies. But whilst the people were thus at their processions, woord was brought that a new flēet of Danes was arriued at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute king of England, in reuenge of his brother Suenos ouerthrow. To resist these enimies, which were alreadie landed, and busie in spoiling the countrie; Makbeth and Banquo were sent with the kings authoritie, who hauing with them a conuenient power, incountred the enimies, slue part of them, and chased the other to their ships. They that escaped and got once to their ships, obteined of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine at this last bickering, might be buried in saint Colnes Inch. In memorie whereof, manie old sepultures are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene grauen with the armes of the Danes, as the maner of burieng noble men still is, and héretofore hath béene vsed.

A peace was also concluded at the same time betwixt the Danes and Scotishmen, ratified (as some haue written) in this wise:

That from thenceforth the Danes should neuer come into Scotland to make anie warres against the Scots by anie maner of meanes. And these were the warres that Duncane had with forren enimies, in the seventh yéere of his reigne. Shortlie after happened a strange and vncouth woonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realne of Scotland, as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquo iournied towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie togither without other companie, saue onelie themselues, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them thŕee women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentivelie beheld, woondring much at the sight, the first of them spake and said; ‘All haile Makbeth, thane of Glannmis’ (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said; ‘Haile Makbeth thane of Cawder.’ But the third said; ‘All haile Makbeth that héereafter shalt be king of Scotland.’

Then Banquo; ‘What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little fauourable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?’ ‘Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits vnto thée, than vnto him, for he shall reigne in déed, but with an vnluckie end: neither shall he leane anie issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarilie thou in déed shalt not reigne at all, but of thée those shall be borne which shall gouern the Scotish kingdome by long order of continual descent.’ Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantasticall illusion by Mackbeth and Banquo, insomuch that Banquo would call Mackbeth in iest, king of Scotland; and Mackbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause enerie thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawder being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, liuings, and offices were ginuen of the kings liberalitie to Mackbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquo ested with him and said; ‘Now Mackbeth thou hast obteined those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thée to purchase that which the third said should come to passe.’ Wherevpon Mackbeth renouling the thing in his mind, began euen then to deuise how he might atteine to the kingdome: but yet he thought with himselfe that he must tarie a time, which should aduance him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to

passe in his former preferment. But shortlie after it chanced that king Duncane, hauing two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatlie after his deceasse. Mackbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realue, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was next of bloud vnto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, hauing a iust quarell so to doo (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he might in time to come, pretend vnto the crowne.

The woords of the thrée weird sisters also (of whom before ye haue heard) greatlie incouraged him herevnto, but speciallie his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a quéene. At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, vpon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerns, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne.

Holinshed's story of Macbeth has all the dates and circumstance of authentic history; and, indeed, there is a basis for it in fact. The historical Macbeth¹ had a share in the murder of Duncan; Siward, the Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland and defeated him; and Malcolm, a son of Duncan, was placed upon the throne. But Macbeth was conspicuous not so much for his crimes as for his virtues. "All genuine Scottish tradition," says Freeman, "points to the reign of Macbeth as a period of unusual peace and prosperity in that disturbed land." In his dates, Holinshed is not far from the trnht. Duncan, according to him, was murdered in 1040. This or 1039 is the date given by the modern historian. Siward, says Holinshed, invaded Scotland in 1057; and Macbeth was killed in single combat with Macduff. History tells the story somewhat differently. Siward defeated Macbeth in a pitched battle on July 27, 1054. Macbeth escaped, but three years later he was again defeated, and this time he was slain. Most of the accessories of Holinshed are legendary; and two of them—the

¹ For the historical Macbeth, see *The Norman Conquest*, E. A. Freeman, Chap. VII, § 2, and Chap. IX, § 2; and *History of Scotland*, P. H. Brown, Bk. II, Chap. I.

moving wood and the man not born of woman—are folk stories of great antiquity. In brief, *Macbeth*, as we have it in Holinshed and in Shakespeare, is history decorated with popular fiction. It is therefore not to be classed with the so-called “histories,” of which *Henry the Fifth* is the type.

IV. DATE OF COMPOSITION

Of the thirty-seven plays written wholly or in part by Shakespeare, sixteen were published separately during the dramatist's lifetime,—and most of them apparently without his coöperation or even his consent,—in small thin volumes known as the **quartos**. Six years after Shakespeare's death, *Othello* appeared for the first time in the same unpretentious form. Early in 1623, an attempt was made to bring together in **one volume** all the plays then thought to have been written by Shakespeare. The enterprise was undertaken and carried through slowly by a small group of London publishers and printers, with the aid of two of Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors, John Heming and Henry Condell. This first edition of Shakespeare's plays, known as the **First Folio**, contains thirty-six dramas; all, excepting *Pericles*, that criticism now usually attributes to Shakespeare. Thus, but for this literary venture, more than half of Shakespeare's pieces might have been lost to us; and among them, *As You Like It*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Macbeth*.

For the text of *Macbeth* the editors must have had at hand only a very imperfect transcript, probably nothing more than an actor's copy: for the verse in many places is mutilated beyond emendation; there are inconsistencies in the plot; there are interpolations by a second-rate playwright, and only in the third scene of the fourth act do we find the elaboration so common with Shakespeare. The tragedy, great and tremendous as it is, certainly was not printed as it came from the master's hand.

The Folio of 1623, of course, gives no clew to the date of composition. But this date may be determined within certain limits. Scotch in scene, characters, and superstition, *Macbeth* is beyond doubt a graceful compliment to James the First. As king of Scotland, he had been invested with the royal office at Scone; as king of England, he was crowned at Westminster on the 25th of

July, 1603. The next year, on the 24th of October, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. To these events there is undoubted allusion in IV, i, 121, where Macbeth sees, in the magic glass, kings

“That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.”

Macbeth, then, was probably written *after* October 24, 1604.

We may also determine the date *before* which it was written; for there is preserved a brief description of an early performance at Shakespeare's own theater. Dr. Simon Forman, a London quack and astrologer, who visited the playhouses for instruction, has an entry in his diary which begins in this way:—

In Mackbeth at the glob, 16j0, the 20 of Aprill, ther was to be obserued, firste, howe Mackbeth and Baneko, 2 noble men of Scotland, Ridinge thorowe a wod, the[r] stod before them 3 women feiries or Nimpes. And saluted Mackbeth, sayinge, 3 tyms vnto him, haille mackbeth, king of Codon; for thou shalt be a kinge, but shalt beget No kinge, &c. then said Baneko, what all to mackbeth And nothing to me. Yes, said the niniphes, haille to thee Banko, thou shalt beget kinges, yet be no kinge.¹

Macbeth, therefore, was written between the autumn of 1604 and the spring of 1610.

Attempts have been made to move these dates nearer together. The evidence brought forward for this purpose is, when regarded piecemeal, by no means convincing; but taken all together, it has some weight. The Porter's “farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty,” is thought to refer to the abundant harvests of 1606. Again, the “equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either seale,” seems to point to the defense of equivocation made by the Jesuit Henry Garnett, who was tried, March 28, 1606, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, and was executed May 3, 1606. But from the allusions of a clown, though the incidents to which they point are reasonably clear, it is not safe to infer the time of composition; for they were often prepared to fit some special performance of a play, which might not be the first. Indeed, some editors insist that the Porter scene is, throughout, an interpolation.

¹ The quotation is taken from *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, for 1875-76, pp. 417-418.

More noteworthy than these questionable indications of date, is the well-authenticated account of a sort of interlude or triumph in honor of King James, on his visit to Oxford in August, 1605. As he approached the gates of St. John's College, three students, in the manner of three sibyls coming from a wood, addressed him in Latin.¹ They hailed him as a descendant of Banquo, as the king who had united Scotland, England, and Ireland, and as ruler over Great Britain, Ireland, and France. There is no way of determining whether this Oxford performance preceded or followed Shakespeare's *Macbeth*; but that there is a link in the way of suggestion between them, is certainly very probable.

On account of these and other considerations, especially the versification, critics are now inclined to assign the composition and first presentation of *Macbeth* to 1605 or 1606.

What allusions, besides the one I have cited, are there in the play to James the First?

For verse tests, the student may consult Dowden's *Shakspere Primer*, pp. 39-46. A more extended account of them may be found in *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1874, pp. 442-451; and in *Englische Studien*, Vol. III, pp. 473-504 (the discussion is in English).

¹ For the text of this performance, see *The New Variorum edition of Macbeth*, by H. H. Furness, p. 378-379.

TEST QUESTIONS

[The following questions are taken, with slight modifications, from a large number of recent examination papers set for students entering college.]

I. To what period of Shakespeare's work does *Macbeth* belong? When was it first published?

II. What are the literary sources of the play? How does Shakespeare use this material?

III. What is the real climax of the plot? What are the turning points (dramatic moments) of the plot, and in what acts do they occur? What comic scene in the play?

IV. Why are the witches introduced at the opening of the play? What is the first reference to Macbeth's murderous intent? What bearing upon subsequent events has the witches' threefold salutation of Macbeth as "thane of Glamis, thane of Cawdor, and king to be hereafter"? In what way is Macbeth's decision to proceed no further in the business of killing Duncan overborne by Lady Macbeth? What is the retribution for Macbeth, and for Lady Macbeth? Where, in each case, does retribution begin?

V. Make a character sketch of Macbeth, illustrating every trait by reference to the play.—Use verbal quotations so far as possible. Describe the character of Macbeth: (a) just before the play begins; (b) in Act III; (c) in Act V. Give two sides to Macbeth's character, and illustrate by his actions. What is the ruling motive of Lady Macbeth's character? Contrast Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Sketch the characters of Banquo; of Macduff; of Malcolm.

VI. Write four quotations, giving the speaker and the circumstances in which the words are spoken.

"That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *kerns*, whose arms

- 5 Are hired to bear their *staves*: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again *undeeded*. There thou *shouldst* be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems *bruited*: let me find him, fortune!

10 And more I beg not."

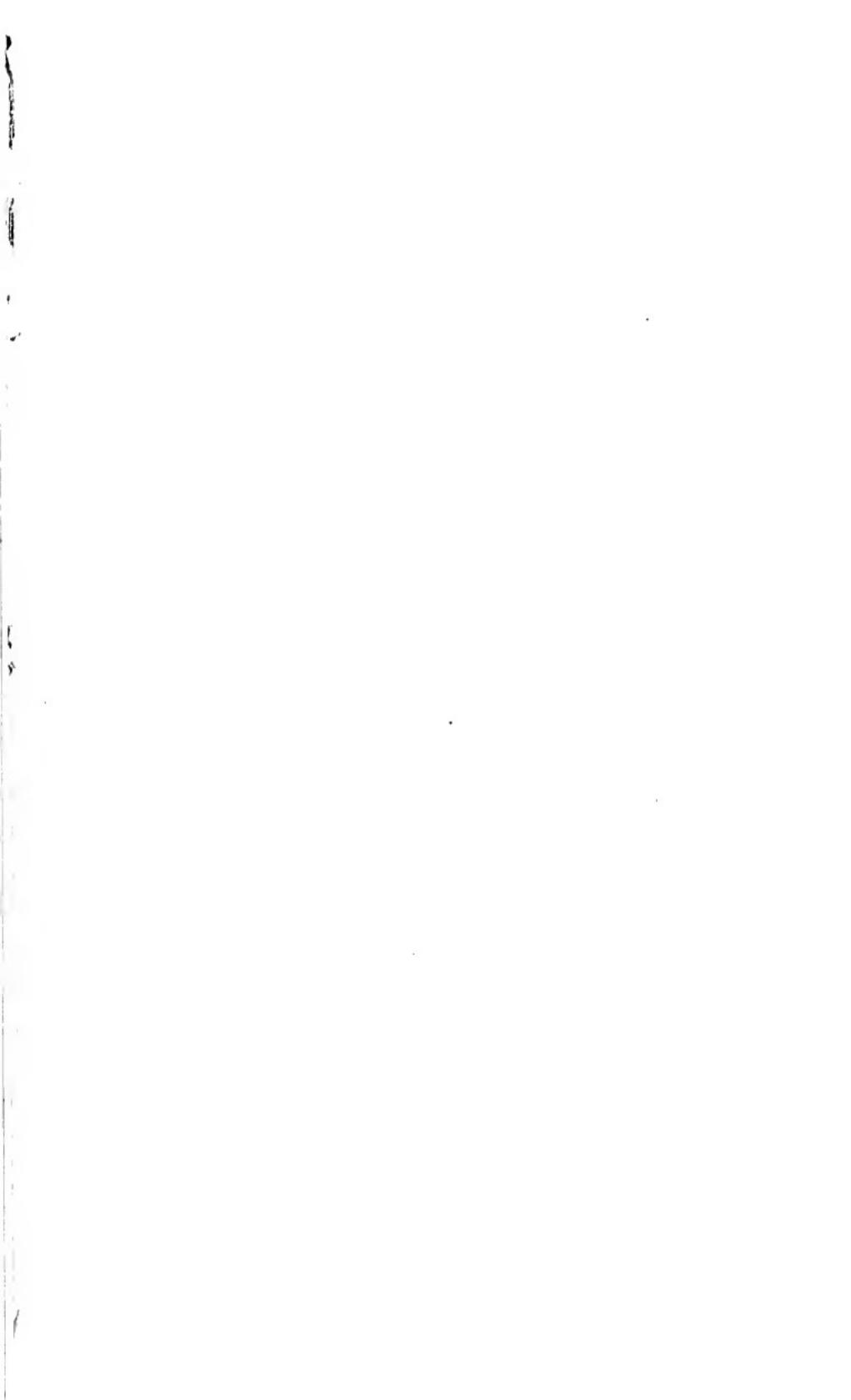
By whom are these words spoken? Give a brief account of the situation indicated in the lines. What is the reference in *My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still?* Comment on all italicized words. What is the grammatical construction of *thou* in line 5?

VII. In what meter is *Macbeth* written? Is all the verse in the same meter? What parts of the play are written in prose? Scan lines 5 and 7 in the passage quoted above. Reduce the following to proper metrical form:—

“Be innocent of the knowledge dearest chuck till thou applaud
the deed come seeling night scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
and with thy bloody and invisible hand cancel and tear to pieces
that great bond which keeps me pale.”

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